

THE
FAMILY OF HALDEN:

A NOVEL.

BY

AUGUSTUS LA FONTAINE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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M.DCC.XCIX.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

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FAMILY OF HALDEN.

AS major Halden, dressed in a handsome hussar uniform, rode over the draw-bridge of Moorberg, he stopped his horse, cast a look towards the new painted gate through which he was about to enter, uttered a hearty oath, contracted his dark eyebrows into a frown, and hastened forwards to the house of his brother, chamberlain Halden, who was standing on the steps leading to the door in a white embroidered suit, and who said to him in an affectionate tone, Good morrow, dear brother!—Hennig, cried the major to his servant, take care of my horse: he is warm. He then added, I wish you joy of your son, brother! I hope you are all well. With these words he squeezed the chamberlain to

to his breast, and covered him over with dirt, as his clothes had been sadly bespattered, owing to the badness of the roads. My God, brother ! said the chamberlain, what a figure you make one ! You think of nothing ! — Yes, replied the major hastily—On the rags which hang about your shoulders I did not think—I was thinking of your first-born ; of the joy which you must feel as a father ; and that you are my brother. I wished therefore to press you as close to my heart as I could. I beg pardon ; I had forgot that the roads are bad—but, brother Toffel, you must forgive me—How does the young one ? He then again embraced the chamberlain, who speedily conducted him into the house.

The major had a resemblance to one of those figures represented on a harlequin-book : on one side a death's head, a hideous visage, and on the other a handsome young female, or a nosegay. He was, for example —But, courteous reader, thou mayst sketch
out

out a portrait of him thyself, when thou hast proceeded a little farther in the present history. For my part, I have this advantage, that I can do with him what I please; and indeed, to speak candidly, the comparison with a double figure on a harlequin-book is applicable not to the major alone, but to all mankind.

But, brother, said the major on the steps, what in the world have you done to the castle-gate? I do not understand all these fine ornaments, your devices, your antiques, and the like.

And because you do not understand them, brother, you must be always criticising!

No—But I clearly comprehend that your new antiques—your Grecian maids and angels with goats' feet dancing round an altar, are not suited to a gate which is as old as Gustavus Adolphus. These might be proper for a theatre, or a—what d'ye call it?—but not for a draw-bridge. It is just the same as if I should cause a squa-

dron of hussars to march with umbrellas. I am equally displeased with the hawks and owls which are nailed to it ; for these look as if the owner had hung up there his coat of arms, his symbols, or his portrait :—and the young females belong to it as little.

Well, said the chamberlain, laughing, what does belong to it, dear brother ?

I know not indeed what belongs to it ; but I know this, that it is not what you have got painted. For my part, if there must be painting, I would cause the story of the good Samaritan to be represented on the gate, with this inscription over it, *Here he lives*—I mean the Samaritan. But no—that would look as if one wished to boast of one's wine and oil ; and where a Samaritan lives may be known without painting.—Well, who is to stand godfather ?

The chamberlain told him the names of the godfather and godmother, and conducted him to his wife's apartment. Here the major made a gentle inclination of his head to the lady, and muttered something, which

had as great a resemblance to Devil take you, as to I hope you are well. He then ran up to the cradle, took the child in his arms, and, with a look of affectionate tenderness, pressed it to his breast. But is it allowable? said he to his sister-in-law, with a sort of reserved air. Mrs. Halden nodded assent, and in a friendly manner replied, I hope, dear brother, that, like us, you will consider that child as your own son.

May I really dare to do so, sister? returned the major, while a ray of satisfaction beamed from his countenance, and advanced with the child towards the bed. He then exclaimed, My dear boy, be thou doubly, nay a thousand times, welcome to this chequered world, where the honest heart is sometimes assailed with storms which howl round his head, and sometimes cheered by the enlivening rays of the sun! Be a good man, child, and thou mayst bid defiance to the storms! They will only blow a little wormwood into thy honey;

and at the last thou wilt find shelter in thy coffin, as thou hast already found it in thy mother's womb.

Mrs. Halden shook her head, and, affecting an agreeable laugh, lisped out: Dear brother, I wish you would leave off these expressions!—The major laid the child hastily in the cradle, and asked with a serious air, Have I mentioned any thing improper?—Mrs. Halden, patting him gently on the hand, whispered, Who says mother's womb in that open manner?—The major, after musing a little, replied: Shall I——I beg pardon—I do not know what other expression could be used. Truly, sister, I will with cheerfulness rectify my mistake. You must not be offended; for upon my life I did not know how to express myself otherwise.

In your mother's bosom, would have been more delicate, returned Mrs. Halden.

O! your most obedient servant! When a child is once there it becomes exposed to danger.

danger. That would be contrary to what I meant—But the expression is good. I shall not fail to remember it, though it be a little out of the way. In your mother's bosom, then! Well, God be thanked for this new discovery!

You are pleasant, said Mrs. Halden, stretching out her hand to him. The major pressed it to his lips, and, advancing to his brother, said—You ought to pray to God that your wife may lie-in every week, for to-day she is an angel of light.

I must tell you, brother, replied the chamberlain, that you seem not to be acquainted with my wife. Take care; you will perhaps learn to love her.

Dear Toffel!—Brother, I meant to say—with the utmost pleasure, if she will only teach me.

Another point that afforded matter of dispute was the name of the child. This subject, indeed, gave the lady no little concern, as the major had often asserted that

the godfather should name it; and in respect to names he was not very delicate. His brother he frequently called Toffel, because he had called him so in his youth; and as often as Mrs. Halden expressed her aversion to that name, the major still maintained that a name was a name; and Toffel, added he, sounds much better than Charles, Edward, or Francis, which were the favourite names of the lady. Both parties always grew warm in disputing on this point. Mrs. Halden had an attachment to certain names taken from romances, and the major was equally attached to others connected with particular circumstances which had occurred to himself. He was fond of the names Frederic, Peter, Christopher and Hennig. Frederic was the name of his king; Peter had been the name of his father; Christopher was that of his brother; and Hennig—but this name requires the relation of an event with which the reader will soon be made acquainted.

Mrs.

Mrs. Halden would have immediately proposed her names, had she not thought it necessary to employ a little art with the major on this subject. He possessed great riches; and, though still in the vigour of life and of a sound constitution, was more than half resolved to remain a bachelor, because he could not find a woman who seemed satisfied with his rough outside. His sister readily foresaw, that to prejudice him against his nephew at his very birth would be highly imprudent. The name Francis he could not endure, because he had contracted an antipathy against every thing Austrian during the seven years' war. To Edward he was unaccustomed, because he never read romances, and knew nothing more of the English history than that the king's name was George, and that the country is governed by a parliament. Charles seemed to be pretty good; but he shook his head, because it had too great a resemblance to the German word which

signifies fellow—an expression he used only in anger*.

Mrs. Halden opened the discussion respecting the name of her child before dinner; and some ladies in the neighbourhood were called in to give her their support. The company being seated in a semi-circle around the bed, Dear brother, said she, what name have you thought of for my son? The major, perceiving that this question would give rise to a dispute, stroked his chin, and replied drily: If you wish that I should love the child with fatherly affection, you must call him Hennig.

Hennig? exclaimed the ladies all at once: My God, what an ugly name!—Hennig!—

Ugly? Why ugly?

Because the lowest people are called so, said Mrs. Halden—the very lowest of the people!

* *Karl* in German signifies Charles, and *kerl* a man in general, or rather fellow, as it is employed for the most part in speaking of the vulgar. TRANS.

The major by a kind of involuntary motion drew his hand over his face. He had resolved to-day not to contradict his sister in-law—but this expression was too bad to be passed over in silence. The lowest people! muttered he—Shall they not then enjoy this trifle in common with us? Shall they be taught to forget that they are our neighbours? He then buttoned and unbuttoned his uniform several times, and endeavoured to laugh, however difficult he found it.

But, dear major, said his brother, tell us, I pray, how you acquired such a singular attachment to this wonderful name? To your predilection for Peter and Christopher I cannot object; but was ever any of your relations named Hennig?

The major contracted and again relaxed his eye-brows—Yes, said he at length, after musing some time, I will tell you the whole affair as it happened. It relates, indeed, only to a common man: but, had not this man existed, I should not have

been now sitting here, nor should I have been rejoicing that my brother has become a father.—Order a bottle of wine, however, for poor old Hennig, while I tell you an anecdote respecting him, and bid him sit down and enjoy his wine in the hall.

The chamberlain gave orders for the wine, and the major began as follows: It is now fifty-six years since I was first appointed to be captain of a company in Bohemia. I had the command of the advanced posts in a forest full of narrow defiles; and I have the vanity to say, that the king himself made choice of me for that station. I was then, ladies, a young fellow who feared nothing—whether I slept or not was to me all the same. At this time it was of the utmost importance to keep the imperial advanced posts in a continual state of alarm. I harassed them therefore day after day, and many a brave mother's son of them lies there now entombed. The Pandours had sworn my death——Here the major went to the door and called out,
Hennig,

Hennig, when was it that we had the Pandours on us?—The sixteenth of October, answered a hoarse voice from the hall.—On the sixteenth of October we were surrounded by the enemy. I had enjoyed sound sleep during the whole night, because for eight days I had not pulled off my boots. In the morning, before we were aware, shot after shot fell behind us; and as soon as we started up we found that the whole wood was beset by Croats and Pandours. I was on horseback; but pop came a shot, and there lay my horse. My hussars betook themselves to flight; and a couple of Croats then sprang forwards in order to give me the *coup de grace*. I hastened to an oak, that I might cover my rear; and I heard Hennig, who now sits there without, bawling as loud as he could, Our captain, comrades! He who saves him will be a gallant fellow! With that he turned his horse, and flew towards me. The Croats retreated into the wood, and I—on such occasions it is no shame to use
one's

one's legs—ran towards Hennig. A hundred times did the honest soul offer me his horse; but in that situation who would have accepted him? Pop went another shot, and I received a bullet here — in — in — how d'ye call that part, sister, on which one sits?—Yes, in the *bosom*.—Comrade, says I to Hennig, ride on, for I have got my share. But Hennig would not stir. We then came out of the wood, and Hennig alighted;—but, however desirous, it was impossible for me to mount. I limped forwards, and was rather dragged by Hennig than walked. When we had proceeded a considerable way towards a village, two Croats, rushing from the wood, called after us, Stop! You sha'n't go far!—I looked round me, and, as God shall be my judge, the fellow—no, he was an enemy—the Croat was again loading his musket!—Ride, said I, Hennig! the Croat is re-loading. May the devil fetch him! replied Hennig, and immediately quitted me. He now wheeled round with great velocity; drove

drove the Croat into the wood, and called out to me, My noble captain, I'll cover your rear. While I limped to the village, Hennig always remained at the distance of a hundred paces behind me; but when he advanced, the Croats in a moment rushed from the wood after us. You may well imagine that I did not amuse myself by the way with whistling—No—I made up my accounts with Heaven; for I saw no means of escaping. The Croats called out to Hennig, Ride on, brave Prussian—It is only your captain that we want—We have sworn his death.—Ride on, Hennig, said I also.—Yes; he rode, but still towards the Croats. The bullets by this time were whistling around the honest fellow's ears. Pop went a shot; I heard it hit, and poor Hennig received a bullet in the leg. Who is in the mark, comrade, cried the Croats? Here—shoot here, replied Hennig, shewing a place—yes, the place which one dare not shew—and burst out into a loud laugh—You shoot, fellow, like my ****— I
 10 here

here speak, sister, in the character of Hennig—You may hit the hills, but you will never hit me ! and immediately sprung towards them. He told me some time after : I squeezed my teeth together, that they might not observe I was wounded, because I should otherwise have inspired them with courage :—and the old man never forsook me till we arrived at the village.

The Croats followed us—but there were now only four of them. What was to be done ? Hennig, on account of his wound, was not able to get from his horse, nor was I able to mount. Ride, Hennig ! said I, giving him my watch and my purse—Thou art an honest soul—I will provide quarters for thee in heaven.—Dear captain, replied Hennig, I will not ride—I wish I could only dismount.

The village was entirely deserted——not a soul in it who could assist us ; and we saw over the hedge the Croats still secretly approaching. At this instant a girl neatly dressed advanced from the other end
of

of the village wringing her hands. There come the barbarians ! cried she, pointing to the place where they were. Hennig rode up to her : My pretty maid, said he, if you wish to render yourself worthy of heaven when you die, and of a good husband in the present life, help me to conceal this handsome young officer. The girl stared me in the face—I was then—you know it, brother—a handsome fellow ; it was last year only that has made me begin to look old. My dear girl, said I trembling, if you save my life, God will reward you. O ! yes, said the girl, to be sure——Follow me. Upon which I limped into the house ; and indeed it was high time. She then drew aside a curtain, opened a door which appeared to be only a bare wall, and made me enter a small dark apartment, or rather closet. Hennig saw through the window from his horse. God be praised ! cried he, as soon as he perceived that I was in safety. I now sunk down on a bundle of straw which was
lying

lying in a corner, and bound up my wound. Scarcely had I finished when a shot came, and I heard my poor Hennig calling out Quarter, comrade! quarter! The Croats asked him; Where is thy horse and thine officer?—You may ask that question till you are tired, replied he—I should be an honourable man, indeed, if I did not help my captain to escape! You have, however, marked him, as well as me, for our whole lifetime.

An altercation now ensued, and I heard horses approaching. The enemy threatened poor Hennig, and swore they would shoot him on the spot if he did not tell where I was concealed. He cannot have rode away, cried one of them, for we have surrounded the whole village. Search for him!—If he outlives this evening, said the same voice, then call me a traitor!

Soon after they entered the house, and found the girl. Where have you concealed the Prussian? asked a hoarse voice.

Through

Through dread of the girl's answer, I forgot my pain, and could scarcely breathe.—
 'The huffar officer?' said the girl—Oh! he rode away there to the left through the garden.

I now hoped that all would be soon over; but in a little came another, who had found Hennig's horse lying dead. Hennig, indeed, as soon as he saw me in concealment, rode up to a ditch, where, notwithstanding his pain, he dismounted, and, having shot the animal through the head, pushed him into the ditch, that he might be able to say I had rode off. Hennig, however, was subjected to another examination—If you will not believe that he is gone, replied he, then look for him yourself. I now heard a terrible voice, with which I was already well acquainted. It was that of an Austrian officer, who had long sworn my destruction because I had once taken from him ten waggons loaded with plunder. Three minutes more, cried the voice—here is my watch—and
 if

if you don't then tell where your master is, I will blow your brains out.—Three minutes, replied Hennig, or three seconds, or three years—it is all the same. If you wish to shoot me, I am in your and God's hand—but where my captain is I do not know.

At that instant they dragged the girl to the officer. I heard her scream, and Hennig told me afterwards: I became pale as death when I saw the girl; but, by a significant shake of my head, I inspired her with courage. — Mr. Lieutenant, said the Croats, this girl knows where he is. The officer clapped his pistol to her breast, and commanded her to tell. When I found that they threatened my poor Hennig, ladies, I resolved to rush out, and had already raised myself from the straw: but the bandage got loose. I again sunk down, and did not recover myself till an hour after—when every thing was over. Hennig, cried the major through the door, come in and tell the rest.

Hennig

Hennig posted himself in the middle of the parlour, and began thus :—They now held their sabres and pistols to the girl's breast, and the poor creature screamed out in a most pitiful manner. I was lying on the ground, and, God knows, under no little dread. That the enemy would not shoot the girl I knew well ; but I was greatly afraid she would blab. She, however, could be as silent as the grave. She was pale as the stone figures which stand here in the garden ; and she remained also equally mute. They now again approached me. The officer cocked his pistol, and I pronounced a solemn amen ; for on such occasions one has not time to repeat the Lord's prayer entirely—I could scarcely get through the first petition. The enemy rushed suddenly into the village—You dog ! cried the officer—But by this time I had seized one of the Croats by the leg, and pulling hard he fell above me, so that the officer could not fire at me ; and I thus fortunately escaped. The rest all now decamped ; but
I held

I held the Croat fast, and he called out for quarter. The brave girl still stood by me trembling. I crept towards her, and kissed her feet—I beg pardon for the expression, it is so like a spaniel. We now dragged my master from his corner—Ah! major, if we could only both see the girl again! You are indebted to her for your life. I was obliged to go to the hospital; but she waited on you, and took care of you till the village was burned. Who knows where she may be now wandering? But we shall no doubt find her again, were it only in heaven.

The major pulled out his handkerchief, and wiped his eyes. No; not wandering, Hennig: I do not believe it. Such actions are not left unrewarded.

I would share with her my last crust of bread, major—I would beg for her—I would even steal for her were it necessary.

Wouldst thou, my worthy Hennig?—I would not only steal, but do every thing!—She deserves it, said the major. She
took

took care of me, Hennig; and you, notwithstanding your love for me, could not have done more. God grant her happiness wherever she may be! But I still think we must once more find her, either here or in heaven, as thou sayest, Hennig. It is now nine years ago——

Mrs. Halden, offended that her brother-in-law had called his deliverer into the parlour, could not help expressing her displeasure by various movements of the head, and by turning her eyes sometimes one way and sometimes another: but when she found that the veteran had begun a story which was not likely to be soon ended, she lost patience altogether. She was, however, absolutely unwilling to give the major any offence to-day; and therefore she asked for her purse, and, drawing forth a crown-piece, called Hennig to the bed-side, and, with a friendly air, said—Worthy Hennig, the family are indeed much obliged to you for your fidelity—and with these words she put the piece of money into his hand.

Hennig,

Hennig, laying the crown-piece on the bed, replied—No, your ladyship : on that score I will accept nothing : I only discharged my duty.

The major was looking over Hennig's shoulder, and his countenance changed as soon as he saw the money. His whole frame shook with anger : My old friend, cried he, turning Hennig round towards him, don't take it ill ! Few people know what it is to venture one's life for another ! —Sister, Hennig is not so poor ! When I die he will have an annuity of four hundred crowns, and while I live he wants nothing. He has the key of my strong box, and he alone knows what money I possess.

On his fidelity, replied Mrs. Halden, one may depend, I well know—but this he has deserved;—Deserved ! cried the major with emotion—He has deserved nothing ; for Hennig knows that I am ready every day of my life to expose myself for him in return. That he rides behind me, stands when I sit, and drinks his
○ wine

wine in the hall, is his pleasure, and not mine: but it affords me satisfaction to think that he loves me, that he is my friend, and that he would still venture his life for me were it necessary.—He then threw his arms around the old man, pressed him to his bosom, embraced him, and said, My dear Hennig, go and drink thy wine wherever thou think'st proper!

The lady with her crown-piece had offended the major, and therefore whatever she might have said afterwards he would have contradicted. This formed always the prelude to a violent altercation, the result of which was, that the major would order his horse, set off for his own house, and never return till he heard that his brother or sister-in-law was indisposed. He would then pay them another visit, and behave with great politeness, till something occurred to excite his passion, which was too often the case. On the present occasion, however, the lady had private reasons for not carrying matters so far. She there-

fore stretched out her hand to the major from the bed, and said—You must forgive me at present—I am not well.

The major's dark brown visage, which had been contracted into a severe frown, assumed now, in an instant, an appearance of friendship and benevolence. He placed himself on the bed, pressed his sister's hand to his lips, and in a soothing tone said, I had almost forgot what I brought with me as a present for my god-child. Hennig was now ordered to bring the port-manteau into the room; and the major taking from it a piece of silk, with a pair of costly ear-rings, peace by these means was again completely restored.

Mrs. Halden always trembled when she thought of the name Hennig; but the affair turned out much more fortunate than she expected. The chamberlain hinted to his brother, that the physician had declared he could not answer for the consequences, unless his wife should be allowed to have her own way, without any restraint, for the first

first nine days. I request, therefore, added he, that you will humour her in regard to the name. The major at first thought, that the christening might be deferred till the nine days were over; but he soon saw that to this the lady would by no means consent. Well then, said he at last, call the child Francis in God's name, if it can contribute to the health of your wife. God forbid that I should add to the affliction of a sick woman, who has suffered pain enough in becoming a mother! And, now when I think on it seriously, a mother, without doubt, has a right to call her child what she pleases, should she even—God preserve us!—give it the name of Beelzebub—only she must not believe that she has a right to make a Beelzebub of it. But, to be short, brother, give it a name that may possess some virtue: Were the child called Hennig then — — — — — Respecting the education, however, I have a few words to say to you; and, if it be God's will, the child shall be a Hennig,

even if he should be called Francis, as I have said already. Mrs. Halden was satisfied with her victory. She named her son Charles Frederic; and the major, in some measure, obtained his will also.

At the time of the christening the major was much offended with the behaviour of Mr. Landert, a relation of his sister-in-law. During the ceremony this young courtier placed himself in a contemptuous indecent posture, with his mouth half composed into a smile, so that one might every minute have expected he would burst out into a loud laugh, or begin to whistle. At any rate, the clergyman seemed to apprehend something of that kind; for he every now and then cast an anxious look at the young man, and hurried through the ceremony in order that he might conclude before the other should begin.

When the ceremony was ended, the major, laying his hand on the parson's shoulder, said, loud enough to be heard by the whole company, I consider baptism, parson, as a
 very

very serious piece of business. Landert laughed and shook his head as if by way of ridicule. You don't seem to be of my opinion, Mr. Landert, continued the major, advancing towards him. Mr. Landert still laughed. In regard to opinions, my dear major, there is not much occasion for dispute. I am a great friend to toleration; and were I married, I would have all my children baptised.—As God shall be my judge, cried the major with emotion, I would do no such thing, if I could not be present at the ceremony without appearing as if ready to whistle. But I should always consider baptism as respectable, were I even a Turk.—Your musli would not be much pleased with you for that, returned Landert with a look of self-importance.—He might not! said the major: but I would tell him, Your high mightiness—or whatever else he may be called—the Christians baptise their children; I understand nothing of it; but, as far as I have been able to learn, they enter into an

engagement that their children shall be persons of honour as long as they live ; and I should, therefore, be a fool, were I even a Turk, did I either whistle or laugh during so sacred a ceremony. That is what I would tell him ; and then I should hear what his highness the musti could say in reply. Do you then find it, Mr. Landert, a matter of so much risibility, to see the parents with the godfather and godmother enter into a solemn engagement, even before a child can think, that it shall be trained up to virtue ? Do you find it a subject for laughter that people should thus lay a foundation for morality, and thereby remind the parents of the child for what purpose they are parents ?—Tell me—Do you find it a subject for laughter, when prayers are offered up to God to bless the child, to render it prosperous, and to preserve it from misery and poverty ? Eh !

My dear major, said Landert with a contemptuous sneer, I am not fond of disputing on things which to me are indifferent.

ferent. Where is the use of disputing on the present occasion?

Where is the use of it? Look at the servants of the family there! Look at that young lady! If they see only twice what they have now seen, they will laugh when their own children are baptised. Do you think that would be proper?—The major then took the boy from the nurse; held him up between his hands; placed himself in the middle of the circle; and, nodding to the company, said, in an affectionate tone, while he pressed the child to his breast: Thou art now here, young one, and none of us can tell what happiness or misery thou mayst experience between thy cradle and thy coffin. God grant that thy portion of happiness may be the greatest! Here thou liest on soft silken cushions; but in the course of thy life, young one, thou mayst be forced to tread upon sharp flints and thorns. Thy destiny perhaps will confine thee as much as thy nurse, who now compresses thee in such a manner that thou

canst not stir, but only cry. Be a good man, young one, and we here engage to remind thee of thy duty, by good precepts and by good example. Thy parents, with thy godfathers and godmothers, have just entered into a promise for that purpose. May God only grant that we be enabled to keep it! and that those who stand round thy last cradle, when thou art again laid on thy back in the cold arms of death, may bid thee farewell with a sorrow equal to the joy with which we now welcome thee to life! Yes—welcome into life, Charles Frederic! Be an honest man!—These last words the major pronounced in a whimpering tone, and kissed the child. He then carried him round the circle, and made him be kissed first by Hennig, and then by the rest of the company in succession.

Even the young courtier had now become so serious, that he made no objection to this part of the ceremony; when an old lady requested the parson to take advantage of this good disposition, and to say a few words.

words. The parson immediately came forwards, and, after a loud hem, began as follows: Since the destiny of all men, taken individually as well as in general, depends upon wise laws—a wise arrangement to us incomprehensible, on account of the imperfection of our nature or organization, which is, however, still perfect, considering our present state and condition——The major, who had listened with great attention, here interrupted him by saying, What was the beginning, parson? I did not hear it. The parson lost the thread of his discourse, and thanked heaven that the crying of the child, and the mother's alarm on that account, made his speech be entirely forgotten. . . . What a pity, said the old lady afterwards to the parson, that you was interrupted by the noise! When a learned man speaks, it is quite another thing. From the major, indeed, one cannot expect better; he speaks as he was accustomed when young, and as his heart dictates. But you! what a pity

that we could not have the pleasure of hearing you to the end!—The parson made a low bow, and said afterwards to his wife, That, indeed, was a lady of great learning! How different the effect when one of us speaks! It is then all attention. The people folded their hands over each other when I began; but this was not the case when the major spoke, though he spoke also in a very edifying manner.

Mrs. Halden was not altogether pleased that her brother-in-law had presented the child to be kissed by the domestics. She, however, kept her temper, calling the major, every now and then, dear brother! and once she even styled him brother Fred! so that the major could scarcely contain himself for joy.

By this prudent behaviour she had gained such an ascendancy over him, that she hoped to be able in time to accomplish all her designs. Next morning, as he was sitting by her bed-side, she renewed the subject of her son's education, which had been
broken

broken off the preceding evening. She not only gave her entire approbation to all the major's plans and observations, but she invited him to come often to Moorberg, and to stay whole months in order to put Frederic's education in a proper train. That will be of no use, said the major. I know well enough how to lay down rules for giving such education to a child as will render him a good man; but how to apply these rules, sister, I do not know. And then my disagreeable impatience, sister, which I cannot get the better of, notwithstanding the many times that the good God has punished me for it! No—no—I can be of little service to children.

Mrs. Halden had a hundred times looked at the major with great earnestness, to discover whether he was in sufficient good humour for the proposal which she was about to make. She placed the child in his arms; and, as he fixed his eyes on it with a look of tenderness, she exclaimed: God grant,

dear brother, that you may always retain a parental affection for that poor child !

That I will, with God's help, my dearest sister, replied the major, still keeping his eyes fixed on the infant.

And as you seem to have no inclination for the married state, dear brother——

Sister, I have an inclination for the married state; and I should be a devil rather than a man if I did not consider it as something sacred and beneficial to mankind. Could I meet with a woman suited for me—— I give you my word——

Ah! dear major, there are plenty of women who would be attracted by your riches.——But have you already sought for one?

No——not properly. My worthy Hennig is always advising me to take a wife. He represents to me a thousand things, which are all true; and many times I do not know what answer to return to the poor fellow. He means every thing for my good!

But not for his own, replied Mrs. Hal-
den with a sigh; for how would a wife
suffer Hennig to be in the house?

My dear Hennig? The devil, sister!—
But I will not be in a passion. It is true—
it is true—I believe myself that it would
occasion discontent. For Hennig must
give advice—he shall give advice, and
——Here the major contracted his eye-
brows into a frown.

And would you not part with your deli-
verer for the sake of a wife?

No—Not for my salvation, dear sister.
The poor fellow himself knows, look ye,
that a wife would not suffer him, perhaps,
to be in the house; and yet he advises me
to marry. Should I take a wife, old fellow,
say I to him, she would be jealous of you,
and her four looks would render your life
uncomfortable. I will not marry, look ye.
The poor fellow then replies, What does
it signify, major? You may give me a small
house in the village; and if, for the sake of
domestic peace, you cannot come to me, I
can

can go to you. You must marry—you must——May all the world——But stop, you do not love swearing—This much however is certain, that I am still of the same way of thinking, sister; and that I will not marry so rashly.

In my opinion, said Mrs. Halden, you live at present much happier. Of a thousand marriages not one is fortunate; and so you can be father to my child as well as godfather. How much my son would love you, durst he hope to be your heir, or did he know with certainty——

Then might the devil take his love! God forgive me for swearing! Heir, to what? As long as my father was alive I durst never mention the word heir in his presence; and when I was standing by the coffin I wished a hundred times, and God knows with a sincere heart, that he might have left nothing behind him but debts. I would have lived on bread and water to pay them, and by these means to make some return for his love and paternal affection. No—

If

If you wish to oblige me, you will not say a word respecting heirship or a will. I am a worm—a poor worm, and have more than I deserve: that I humbly acknowledge. (Here the major pulled off his cap, and placed it on the bed) Making a will appears to me as if one meant to quarrel with Heaven because we do not live for ever—And from that may Heaven preserve me! When it shall please God to call me hence, the whole must return to him, and he may then give it to whom he will.

You speak like a worthy man, brother! But we ought to take care of our relations, as our forefathers took care of us. The boy Charles, in my opinion, dear brother, will turn out well.

I entertain the same opinion. God will assist him, and so will we all. You and I both will exert ourselves as far as we are able.

Yes, I think so too; we must all lend our assistance. My brother is ambassador at Vienna, and therefore can do most.

What the devil can he do? asked
the

the major, and waited for an answer with the utmost impatience.

I was thinking, replied Mrs. Halden, that the child may one day add new splendour to the family. Had he your property, added to mine and that of my husband, the title of count might be supported with proper dignity.

The major, in great haste, again put on his cap, and laid the child in the cradle. He struggled for some time to subdue his passion, but it at length became too violent; and he exclaimed, while his eyes sparkled with indignation, Whether the child purchases or begs a title—they are both the same—I will lay out my property in founding an hospital for fools, so help me God! and the best place in it shall be at his service. Ought I not therefore to marry, were it only to disappoint the young coxcomb? Hennig, thou art right! One illegitimate brat brought forth behind a hedge is better than ten brother's sons. Here the major called out at the door, My horse,
Hen-

Hennig ! In five minutes he was mounted, muttering to himself, So she thinks she may stroke the cat without being scratched ! Devil take her !—and with these words he hastened forwards to Sollingen.

When he got home he told the whole affair to Hennig ; and the latter repeated what he had before said a hundred times ; Now look ye, major ; you here see already what will be the consequence—I tell you, you must marry. When I am once gone—and these hacked bones of mine cannot long hang together—who will then shew an affectionate regard for you ? A wife will grow pale if you have got the tooth-ache ; she will cry if the glass there behind the door foretells a change of weather that is likely to hurt you ; and all this will do you good. But don't you now see that your sister-in-law counts with joy every wrinkle in your face, and hopes every time you catch a cold that it will end in a violent fever ? I tell you, major, you must marry ;
for,

for, may I ———! That young one there, which you held in your arms like a father, while the tears of affection streamed from your eyes, will not look at you with a pleasant countenance when you appear to him to be getting too old. You will then see what it is to tire people out by living.

Hennig, I do not think the young one will be capable of any such thing. My father's blood flows in his veins—But the mother—Yes, you are right.

In regard to the young one, replied Hennig, you will see that I am right; for the chamberlain and his lady—I hope you will not take it amiss—mind nothing but money and their own advantage. What must be the consequence? Money, in my opinion, will be the first word that the child will learn to speak. What has been the case to you in regard to Sollingen? But you was unwilling to have any words, major.

In regard to Sollingen, Hennig, there you are wrong. That was my desire; because

cause the land here is preferable to that at Moorberg, and because the tenants on it are better than those on my brother's estate.

Better ! Who made them better ? — I know, however, why you accepted of Sollingen. Because your late father was fonder of residing here than at Moorberg ; because he died here ; because here there are mountains and valleys, and there only level plains ; because you observed that your brother had occasion for a few hundreds more per annum ; and because you was unwilling to quarrel over your father's coffin. These were the reasons which induced you to accept of Sollingen, and to act as if you had received the best share.

And even supposing it were so—Hennig, was I in the wrong ? There lay my father, who was always of a patient and yielding temper, with the look of affection still in his countenance, even in the coffin. Ought I to have quarrelled with his son, Hennig, for a couple of acres more ?

No—

No—You behaved nobly, major, as a huffar, who has served his king, ought to do. But shall I see the enemy undermine your magazines, and not make an attack sword in hand to prevent them? They have deprived you of Moorberg, and now they wish to flatter you out of Sollingen, and to make you be despised by every female who is fit to be your wife. If you should die this day, old Hennig must beg to-morrow, as sure as he is alive!

The major stood silent a few minutes, while a gloom overspread his countenance; but he at length exclaimed, Thou shalt not beg, Hennig! Call the attorney! Beg! Thou, Hennig?—No, my brother is not so base! Thou art an old fool. But call the attorney. Though I have nothing to do with wills, I must, however, provide for thee. Run quickly, good Hennig! I find myself already as ill as if I were about to drop down. Beg!—No—I must take care of that. May God forgive me if I should
be

be too niggardly!—Thou shalt not beg—
Go, go! This day it must be settled, and
then I shall be prepared for the worst.

Hennig obeyed. The major then sat
down to consider, and he found that Hennig
was not altogether wrong. It occurred to
him—and this Hennig did not know—that
Moorberg was the least part of the patri-
mony left him by his father in which he
had been over-reached. He began to
whistle the Dessau march, in order to ba-
nish this subject from his thoughts; but he
was not able. Were he only a stranger, and
not my brother! muttered he, and imme-
diately reproached himself for entertaining
so unnatural a wish.

The attorney entered the apartment,
and the major told him with uncommon
affability, that his brother had been edu-
cated by an old aunt. She was avari-
cious, added he, and proud as the devil. I
am much surprised, Mr. Attorney, that my
brother should be so good'a man. He
then endeavoured to prove to the attorney,
with

with much verbosity, that parental affection might induce the best men to be a little covetous, though it might be impossible from that circumstance alone to form any just conclusion respecting their character. The attorney could not comprehend the meaning of this address, which appeared to him as mysterious as a problem in the mathematics; and he frequently endeavoured to come to an explanation by saying, I have waited upon you, major, in consequence—— But he would no doubt have admired the major, had he known in how intimate a manner his loquacity was connected with the goodness of his heart.—You are wrong, Hennig, said the major at last; and then desired the attorney to draw up a deed of settlement, by which an annuity of four hundred crowns might be secured to Hennig after his death.

When Hennig heard this, he quitted the apartment. How foolish people are! said he to himself. As if I wished to live after
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he is gone!—The attorney took a copy of the deed, in order to present it to Hennig. He carried it to the honest veteran in his apartment, and advised him to preserve it with great care. But Hennig replied drily, I have much to preserve!—held the paper to the candle, and lighted his pipe with it.—Hennig, exclaimed the attorney, you are burning all your good fortune!—I am so, returned the old man calmly.—You never saw so much burnt at one time in your life as at present, said the attorney.—How? Not so much? I have seen Dresden burning, and my heart then burnt along with it. This here is a mere trifle!—Hennig then went to the major, without making the least mention of the paper; for he saw that the conversation had thrown his master, whom he tenderly loved, into a fit of melancholy.

However much Mrs. Halden might be incensed against the major, she was soon sensible that she must still keep up an appearance

pearance of affection towards him. She was deceived in her hopes ; but she depended too much on his good nature, which, in her heart, she called simplicity, to abandon her plan altogether. Hennig, by always advising the major to marry, had excited her dread ; and therefore she conceived the utmost aversion to him : but she still saw that without this man she never could accomplish her object. For, in the first place, there was nothing to be done on account of the major's warm temper, with which she was well acquainted ; and she knew also, that the major, as soon as his passion subsided, became as affable and kind as before. For this reason she thought it best to be silent in the mean time ; but at the end of eight days she sent the nurse over to Sollingen with little Charles, and strictly enjoined her to call the child always Frederic in the major's presence. When the carriage drove into the court, and the major observed in it his little nephew, the last trace of his passion vanished.

vanished. He took the child from the carriage; gave a handsome present to the nurse; and was so captivated with this attention of his sister-in-law, that he caused his horse to be saddled, in order that he might accompany the child back through the forest where the roads were bad. The nurse executed her orders with the greatest punctuality; and she moreover told the major, that her lady was so vexed at his sudden departure when last at Moorberg, that she had never since been easy.

Hennig, said the major on the road, if you are inclined, we will ride on a mile farther. It is moon-light. Besides, I have something to talk over with my brother. Hennig said, Yes; and they rode forwards by the side of the carriage till they reached Moorberg. Mrs. Halden received the major with great apparent joy; and in his presence gave orders to the steward to take care of honest Hennig, and to let him want nothing. To-day, said she, not a

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word of legacies, wills or titles; and she behaved to all her domestics with remarkable affability, because she knew that the major hated nothing more than to see such poor people ill treated, and that he would often give money in private, by way of indemnification, to those who had felt the effects of her violence and resentment. She already considered the major's property as her own; and therefore spared her servants for the sake of his riches.

On this occasion every thing went on well, and the major rode back again in three days without having called from the window: Saddle my horse, Hennig!—The tender-hearted lady squeezed Hennig's hand when he departed; and asked him, as she did before, whether he had wanted for any thing? On Hennig, however, to her great disappointment, she could make no impression. He always behaved in a dry, cold and reserved manner towards her; and he even burst out
into

into a loud laugh when the steward said to him: My God! her ladyship treats you as she does her own equals!

The major now visited his brother every month; but the oftener he rode to Moorberg, the louder did he mutter out on his return: Hennig, I shall not go back soon. The manner in which they are educating my nephew is both a sin and a shame.—And in this the major was not wrong. If the child only cried, his mother would immediately start up, and fall a-scolding the nurse, her waiting-woman, and her husband. His voice always set the whole house in motion; and every thing that could be thought of was given him, in order to make him quiet.—That is doing nothing, sister, said the major; the child must at length imagine that he is greater than his nurse.

Mrs. Halden looked at him with disdain, and would fain have asked, And is that doing nothing?—For once, however, she held her tongue; but not long after her

fondness for her child put an end to her resolution of humouring the major's whims, and of not contradicting his singular assertions. Give it him well! cried the major one day to the nurse. Take the rod to him!—The nurse made a movement, as if about to execute his orders.—Do, at your peril, exclaimed Mrs. Halden, starting suddenly up: if you touch my child, you shall smart for it!—In half a minute the major was on horse-back, and said to Hennig, I shall not soon return. Hennig answered drily, That you have often said—You are too good.

This time the major kept his word. He did not ride back to Moorberg till he heard that another heir to his name was soon expected. She is, however, my sister, said he to Hennig; and you know how hot I am, and how easily put in a passion. Can I be so unreasonable then as to expect that she should be without faults? How beautiful is that precept
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in the gospel, Hennig, which bids us take the beam out of our own eye before we look at the mote in a brother's ! I'll go over. I think we are in the wrong, Hennig. We do with my sister-in-law as we did with the Austrians. I manœuvred around them with my usual impetuosity till they left their flanks uncovered. Then breaking in, I cut them to pieces without mercy, rode on, and talked of nothing but their faults. Does she again assume a good position, or once more attack my rear, I shall be as quiet as a mouse. Precisely as with the Austrians ! Every small error which they committed we magnified, and no one spoke of the great things they performed. That was wrong, you see. My sister-in-law has also some good qualities which deserve praise. She is cleanly ; she is regular, and a good manager of a family. That she is too fond of her child—Yes—but she is a mother. One should look at the best side of people, and not at the worst. I will go over, Hennig. It

is possible that I may be wrong, however good my intentions.

In God's name, said Hennig, let me never sow dissension between relations. With such relations the case is the same as with winter quarters. Whether good or bad, we must put up with them, because they have been assigned to us. I shall saddle the horses—We will go over. I would follow you, were it even into the den of a lion.

Hennig was no stranger to the disposition of Mrs. Halden. She was a woman like a thousand others. In her father's family she had been taught to esteem nothing so much as money, rank, and politeness of manners. She knew no farther difference between men, than that some are rich and some poor ; some high and some low : and no farther connection between them, than that the great and the rich command, and the poor and the low must obey. That all mankind are brethren, and in the sight of God equal, signified, according to her, that
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the poor are allowed to mix with the rich at church ; for, in other respects, she kept at an awful distance every person who was of an inferior rank to herself. She was not insensible to the pleasures of friendship ; and was very condescending towards those for whose services she had occasion. She did not maltreat her domestics through malignity, but because she had never seen such poor people treated otherwise, and because she did not know that one could behave in a different manner to inferiors. In a word, like many other ladies of quality, she considered a place at court, a ribbon or a title, as the chief good, and great riches as the surest means of obtaining them.

Notwithstanding all this, she was devout. Every day she read morning and evening prayers ; never failed to attend the church ; knew the whole catechism by heart ; partook of the sacrament every quarter, not for form's sake, but from sentiments of religion. She considered God and the church

as she did a court; entered the latter as one does a palace, and offered up her prayers as a lady at court pays a daily compliment to her sovereign. The command, Do good to all men, she thought she completely fulfilled, if she suffered no beggar to go from her door without receiving a piece of bread. If she ill-treated her servants, and behaved to her inferiors with the utmost haughtiness, all this, in her opinion, was agreeable to that order which God himself wished to establish, and which she knew from the catechism. She gave her servants their full wages, and a sufficiency of victuals. She likewise paid her labourers with punctuality, and would have been much astonished had any one required from her more.

Much less can be said of her husband. He was properly nothing or at any rate little more than the picture of his wife; neither good nor bad, avaricious nor liberal; and this nullity might be discovered even in his external appearance. He had a hand-

a handsome figure without life, a full fair countenance, neither with nor without colour, and glassy eyes which appeared to be half blind. He had read a great deal from his earliest youth, without ever having any ideas of his own. What he had read he could repeat tolerably well: on that account he was enabled to make some figure in the circle of his literary friends; and this was the only thing in which he was sensible of his own importance. He collected coins, minerals, preserved birds, prints, and even paintings, if they were not too dear; kept Turkish pigeons, and bred canary-birds; taught bullfinches to pipe; fed white mice in a glass; had a knowledge of antiques, and could talk a great deal of the beautiful and the sublime. He pretended to be well informed on every subject interesting to mankind, without being really acquainted with any one of them. He was continually busy; cemented all the broken china in the house; turned tweezer-cases; and exercised many other

arts of the like kind. The domestics used to say, Our master is a Jack-of-all-trades; he knows and can do every thing! And this panegyric always produced on his countenance an agreeable smile. He was not what might be termed proud; for he would show with the greatest affability his electrical experiments to the maid who swept his chamber, or the footman who brought him his breakfast. But when he did this, it was always when his wife was absent; because she hated his amusements, and could not bear to see his condescension towards the servants.

Mrs. Halden's whole thoughts, as has been already said, were engaged with her grandeur; and as she herself could not rise higher, she was more zealously interested for her children. She considered it not altogether improper to employ stratagem to induce the major to sacrifice himself for them, merely because he belonged to the family. Her Charles, she hoped, would one day inherit the major's wealth,

as well as her own property and that of her husband ; attach himself to a court ; and obtain, by her brother's interest, the title of count. This was the utmost object of her wishes. This plan would have been defeated by a second son ; but not by the birth of a daughter : nay, a girl might much rather promote it, and, by marrying a man of rank, give an additional splendour to the family. It was very natural, therefore, for Mrs. Halden, when she found herself pregnant a second time, to be persuaded that she should bring into the world a female. This darling hope at last became so strong, that she could not think of its being disappointed, especially as all her friends, because they knew it was agreeable to her, assured her, on all sides, that her wishes would be accomplished.

Towards the time of her delivery a French nursery-maid arrived from Berlin, because it was intended that the young lady after the moment of her birth should not hear a single word spoken but French.

Mrs. Halden was resolved to give to her much-wished-for daughter a good education, at least according to her own idea; but nothing farther. For that purpose she formed a plan; but she took great care not to communicate it to the major. She never gave him the least hint of her persuasion that she should have a girl; but in his presence always spoke of a boy, and assured him that this boy should be called Hennig. By these means she gratified the major, and acquired a sort of title to his gratitude. Child-bed linen, a cradle, a French nursery-maid, were all ready for the service of the expected daughter. The moment of delivery at length arrived, and the midwife exclaimed: A charming little boy, my lady! As good fortune would have it, the mother did not hear her. Had not that been the case, the consequences no doubt must have been fatal.

The child's sex was concealed from the mother till she was out of danger; and the nurse was then charged to announce it to her,

her, because Mr. Halden would not venture. She ordered the child to be brought to her, that she might be convinced by her own eyes; returned it with a deep sigh; threw herself on her side, and replied to every question, how she would have this or that, Do as you please!—Grief, on seeing her plan thus thwarted, threw her into a fit of illness; a bad breast, attended with excruciating pain, rendered her impatient; and this still increased her aversion to the innocent child. Every method was tried to excite her affection for the infant. She would indeed take it sometimes into the bed; but when she recollected what plan it had destroyed, she would look at it with tears of sorrow, and in a peevish manner return it to the nurse.

My dear angel! said the chamberlain on the day of the baptism, which it was necessary to hasten because the child appeared to be extremely weak—my brother insists that this boy shall be called Hennig. He relies on your promise.—
He

He may name it as he pleases, replied she, what is it to me?—The father considered this answer, given in a fit of peevishness, as a full consent; and the child was baptised in another apartment for fear of disturbing the sick mother. The major, who was the only godfather, because there had not been time to invite others, then went to the lady's bed-room to compliment her on the baptism of her son. Baptised already! asked she with surprise, and how is he called? Hennig, answered the major. The mother then threw herself on her other side, and did not utter a single word more during the whole day. The child was brought to her; but she pretended to sleep, in order to avoid receiving it.

In a little time the major called from the window, Hennig, saddle my horse! and Mrs. Halden was very little concerned for his departure. Her pleasing train of ideas was now once more interrupted; and she did not find the major's property so attracting as
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formerly, because her darling would be obliged to share it with the child she detested. In all probability her unnatural aversion to her second son would have been soon extinguished, had not the name Hennig added new strength to it every day. As often as she heard him called so, she felt an internal mortification; and by custom it was at length impossible for her to look upon him with a pleasant countenance. She left him entirely to the nurse; and her whole heart was devoted to the first-born, in whom were soon discovered all the faults of a favourite child educated by the mother. Her aversion to little Hennig still increased, as she saw that the more she hated him the more he was beloved by the whole family. The child learned to be obedient, because he felt himself dependent; loved others, because he did not command; and—so inexplicable are the contradictions in the human heart!—was the more detested by his mother on account of these good qualities.

At length, however, she obtained a girl. What part of the mother's grand plan it was

now

now possible to accomplish, was carried into execution. The girl must be a beauty, that her charms might be enchanting and irresistible; she was to possess every elegant accomplishment, to sing, to draw, to dance, in order that when grown up she might act a distinguished part on the theatre of life. In a little time the whole of the old plan was again revived; but Hennig standing in the way, still clouded every prospect of the future greatness of the family: and what was worse, the major, whenever he came to the house, asked immediately for little Hennig, took him up in his arms, placed him on his knee, dandled him up and down, allowed him to pull him by the chin, and scarcely paid any attention at all to Charles, who was his mother's darling.

Mrs. Halden reproached the major, but in a friendly manner, respecting his partiality for little Hennig. Did you only play with Charles, said she, as you do with that little wild thing, you would soon see how the child would love you!

Play with him? By all that's sacred!
exclaimed

exclaimed the major, if one only looks at that blubbering fellow, he immediately puts his finger in his eye.

Dear brother, said Mrs. Halden, that child is of a gentle disposition ; and possesses great sensibility. Compare the one with the other, I beg of you, but without prejudice. Only see now how polite little Charles is, and how boorish the other !

That is natural, replied the major.—Hennig is always among the domestics, and that blubbering boy always on your lap. In general, however, I cannot bear to see children run up to every body and kiss their hands : such children are like my brother's spaniels, who fawn upon every person that comes in their way. Your oldest son kisses my hand, and at the same time looks at me with such malignant eyes, as if he meant to say, Go to the devil !—But Hennig, covered over with dust and dirt, runs to meet me, and twines round my knees : his first question is, What have you brought for me, uncle ? And the first thing

thing he does is to feel my pocket. All this gives me pleasure. From the eldest you will never produce any thing good, sister, say I; at any rate he will be nothing but a drawing-room puppy. But in Hennig there is the embryo of a man; and if any one could induce me to make a will, by G—d it would be he! Only see how much he is beloved by every body in the house!

Yes, replied Mrs. Halden, because his ideas are so vulgar that he attaches his heart to all mankind, let them be what they may.

To all the devils in hell! cried the major sternly; for what purpose then is he here?—Gracious God! added he in a serious tone, be so merciful as not to hear what a perverse mother has now uttered! Because he attaches his heart to mankind! So would I attach fire and brimstone—No, that is too bad!—At this moment little Hennig rushed into the apartment, and received from his mother a severe blow

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on the ear. The eldest ran to his brother with great agitation. See here ! cried he, and conducted him to a nest full of young canary-birds—look !—Look at the devil ! cried the major.—Then turning to his brother, Are you not ashamed, said he, to gaze with admiration on a nest filled with young which the mother covers with her body, and to be so destitute of feeling towards your own children ?

Dear brother, said the chamberlain, do not put yourself in a passion ! What is the matter then ? What is it that always gives you so much disturbance ?

Bring your wife hither, replied the major, and shew her how that mother there ---- Heaven and hell ! Must not God look with more pleasure on that nest full of vermin, than on thy wife ? Bring her hither and ----

But, brother, who calls canary-birds vermin ? When will you learn to express yourself properly ?

The major, looking sternly at his brother, said,

said, Go then ! take care of your young brood ; instruct your bullfinches, and suffer your best boy, Hennig, to be tyrannized over as if he had fallen into the hands of an unmerciful stepmother. By heavens ! I have more paternal affection for the child than you. If he is a burthen to you, give him to me. Yes, brother Toffel, give him to me : I'll be his father !

The chamberlain's reply to this speech was so cross, that the major thanked God as soon as he had mounted his horse, and trotted homewards. The speech, however, was not lost. Mr. Halden related to his wife the conversation that had passed between him and his brother. Mrs. Halden now began seriously to reflect on her own conduct, and, having considered the major's offer, found that, on account of her violent temper, it would be impossible for her to continue long on good terms with him ; that they must at last come to an open rupture ; and that the major would then fall entirely into the hands of Hennig,

rig, with whose disposition towards her family she was perfectly well acquainted. If the major, thought she, should take her second son under a promise of making him his heir, her eldest might then alone inherit her immense property; and, besides, the former, for whom she entertained no natural affection, would in this manner be removed from her sight.

It was agreed, therefore, that her husband should carry Hennig on a visit to the major, and leave the boy with him on the above conditions. The major gave his assent to every thing required; and a written agreement was drawn up, in which, however, on the suggestion of old Hennig, this clause was inserted, "In case the major should not marry, or should have no children." The chamberlain then returned, and Hennig remained with his dear uncle, who always kept his pockets filled with confectious and sweetmeats. The major pressed the three-year-old child to his heart; bedewed him with the brightest tears of paren-

tal affection; then went into his closet, turned his eyes towards the ceiling, and said, with the most fervent devotion: O! thou gracious God, who residest in the heavens, like thee, I am a father, but only of one of thy creatures. Grant a blessing to my education! I will spare nothing as far as I am able; but my power is weak. Enable this child to become a good man: as for the rest, let it be as it may! But my passion? said he to himself.—Now I am no longer passionate with old Hennig, and I will not be so towards my son.

The major then sat down at a window which projected towards the west over a piece of water, and commanded an enchanting view of the neighbouring country. At this window he formed all his designs, and studied his plans; and on that account he called it his deliberating window. On such occasions, said he once to Hennig, I am as it were standing in the presence of God; and in that situation one cannot wilfully be guilty of any thing bad. He now, once more,

more, sat down before God, to devise a plan for Hennig's education : but this, as he afterwards found, was far from being so easy a matter as he imagined. He shook his head, drummed with his fingers, whistled the Deffau march, blew the smoke of his tobacco sometimes straight out, sometimes up, and sometimes downwards ; but with all these he was not able to discover what he so much wished. At last he laid aside his pipe, and, paying a visit to the parson, told him that his brother, out of affection, had entrusted him with the education of one of his children. My dear sir, said he at length, I can do what a huffar should be able to do, and I know what is the duty of a good man. But this child shall never, with my consent, be a huffar, nor even a soldier : for this I have sufficient reasons. Now the boy must be something ; and he must learn to converse with men ; but for that purpose things will be necessary which I do not understand. Be so good, parson, as to let me hear your opinion on the subject.

Learning

Learning is a fine thing, and there is nothing in the world to which I pay more deference : but I here mean true learning, parson, for the false is not worth a shot of powder. This I observe in one of my own family. He knows every thing from the cedar to the hyssop; has rattle-snakes in his house and preserved birds; can tell what kinds of animals will be produced from eggs, and what will be brought into the world alive; but farther he is nothing. His conduct is more foolish than mine, however little I know : he is not master in his own house; not a father; not a friend nor a relation. If you speak to him of the government of men; of the sun, moon and stars, you will give him great pleasure; and yet he does not know how to govern his own family. He can, as he says, conduct lightning, and has small pasteboard houses in which the sparks are conveyed downwards as he chooses; and yet last summer the thunder fell on his own barn.—But by all that is sacred in heaven I have betrayed myself!

myself! Well, what does it signify? Yes, he is my brother. The boy, look ye, shall not learn these things. Such knowledge is like a pistol without a lock.—But what is your opinion, parson?

The parson was a man of a good heart, but far from being well calculated to give advice in regard to education. He entertained the major with a pedantic oration on the true value of learning; and concluded with telling him, that he must provide a private tutor for the boy. The major shook his head, thanked him for his advice, and, after taking leave, returned home. According to his usual custom, he related the whole affair to Hennig. The old parson is a good man, Hennig, said he, but he does not seem to understand properly what belongs to education; for, though I listened to him with the utmost attention, I do not comprehend a word of what he said. He mentioned a number of terms which my brother has always in his mouth, and when I asked, What is that? he began to talk of

atoms, little things which no one can see, and so on. That therefore is nothing. What say you, Hennig?

I say, I do not think it proper that so little a creature should be immediately tormented with poring over books. When I attended captain Bredow in Saxony, we were quartered during the winter at the house of a magister. This is the title which they give there to all the parsons, because they are so learned—much more learned than those in Prussia. Now, our magister had three young ones who sat poring the whole day over their books; and they had already learned and knew things which never were known to me in my whole life.—I had a respect for the magister, as I had for the captain; but when spring came, I used sometimes to walk out with the children, and I found that the young ones knew not wheat from rye, and could not distinguish an oak from a lime. When the reed-sparrow began to sing, and I asked, What bird is that? they wished to know whether its bill was
formed

formed in this or in that manner. If I told them, they could then talk about it; but if I shewed them the bird, they were not able to inform me whether it was an owl or a redpole. In a word, their book-learning was not at all to my taste. The children prated of every thing, and yet knew nothing. What the devil! Such a young thing as that must learn to use his hands and feet, eyes and ears, before he is shut up among books. For, courage—to be able to look all mankind in the face, without appearing like a poor timid sinner—to have a tongue in one's head when one has to do with sharpers—and to know how to help oneself when one comes to a ditch—are things necessary for every one, and may be learned without books. Only look at the learned, and you will find that they are always the best game for sharpers! Were I in your place, major, I would let little Hennig grow up strong and handsome like a tree in the forest. At first he should learn to know every thing within the compass of a mile

around us : trees and flowers, hares and deer, not forgetting men. I myself can teach him this as well as a magister, perhaps better, and also to run and to jump: for man is not a dog destined to the chain, but ought to whistle and sing for joy, when he sees the trees covered with verdure, or thinks on the goodness of God.

And to read and write, Hennig ! said the major, and the word of God, that he may never do injury to his neighbour !

Ay—He will soon learn from us, major, that one man must not hunt down another as we do hares for amusement.

No hares, Hennig ! God be praised, I never hunted one in my life ! These animals have feeling as much as any of us.

I only said so, major, by way of comparison. You keep a forester, a gardener, and a steward. For the first six years, the young one will have enough to learn among them, and God will then suggest what more is to be done. After that, I have no objection to his seeing the world in prints and books;

books; but he must first see it as it really is, else his knowledge will be of little use to him.

The major could think of no better plan of education for his nephew than that proposed to him by Hennig; but he nevertheless resolved, though secretly, to call in the advice of some man of learning as soon as possible.

Hennig now carried his young nameson with him to the stable, to the garden, into the forest, to the corn-fields, and to the fish-pond; made him acquainted, as well as he could, with the nature of horses and dogs; and taught him, while they were out walking, to distinguish the notes of different birds. The gardener was charged to tell him the names of all the plants in the garden; the forester to make him acquainted with those of trees; and the steward to instruct him in the different arts and employments connected with house-keeping. For whole hours would the child stand with Hennig to look at the building

of a barn, and often carry lime himself to the workmen in a small cart. In this manner he acquired a knowledge of all the instruments used by masons and carpenters. He often also repaired to the dairy to see butter churned ; was present at the baking of bread, or attended the labours of the smith's forge ; and he every where exercised his eyes and his ears, his feet and his hands.

His honest old preceptor applied himself also to learn with the utmost diligence, that he might not be more ignorant than his pupil. He began to observe many things which he had before overlooked, and to ask questions he had never till then proposed. The child, indeed, by these means acquired very clear ideas of every thing around him. In his fifth year he could ride a horse with his old friend to the watering-pond ; for old Hennig, though overseer in the house, would never suffer the management of the horses to be taken from him entirely. Thus the child grew up like a tree in the forest. He wrestled with,

with the hounds in the court ; always looked at the canal, as if he wished to plunge into it ; and pronounced with the greatest fluency the favourite oaths of both his teachers, though the major and Hennig had forbidden him to use them, and even gradually left them off themselves. To his uncle he was attached by the most ardent affection ; but with Hennig he seemed to form only one body and one soul. No father could love his son more tenderly than Hennig loved this child, and they were seldom absent from each other. When the boy had broken any thing, and the old husband cast a severe look at him from below his bushy eye-brows, the tears would immediately start into his lovely blue eyes. The old man would then exclaim, with outstretched arms, Thou little inchanter ! and the boy, throwing himself on his breast, would cry, My dear Hennig, you must not scold !— Yes, and you must not be mischievous, young one, would Hennig reply ; and even whimper more than the child, who, for a

full week, would then be on his guard not to be guilty of the like fault.

One may readily comprehend that this education, so proper on the one hand, made the child, on the other, a little too unpolished. He was sometimes so dirty, that it was almost impossible to discover that the colour of the hussar dress, which he wore, had been originally scarlet. When he wanted a string, he would calmly tear off a piece of the lace from his uniform. When the watering-pot was not at hand, he would draw water in his cap in order to water his flowers. On such occasions his uncle would say to him, What a figure you are, child! and the boy, surveying himself from top to toe, would reply, What other figure should I have, uncle? I am building a stable in the garden; I have washed my hands and my face; but I must not clean my uniform, for Hennig has promised to do that.—Such used to be the case several times almost every week; and the major would not have found much fault, had his
sister-

sister-in-law only forbore to interrupt him with her visits.

For the first year she had never been near him. The major, from time to time, rode over to Moorberg without carrying the child along with him; and he pretended to excuse this omission, by saying that he had no coach. Mrs. Halden, however, knew well enough in what manner her son was educated; and she at length resolved to go over, with her other two children, to Sollingen, not so much for the purpose of seeing her son, whom she had now almost forgotten, as of making her brother-in-law ashamed in the most public manner. The major was much grieved when he saw the children, dressed out in the most affected manner, both enter the parlour. They approached him with repeated bows, kissed his hand, pronounced very prettily a few complimentary phrases learned by rote, and then quietly sat down. But where is your pupil? asked the mother. Scarcely had she pronounced these words,

when the door flew open ; and little Hennig, now six years of age, entered the parlour, with every symptom of joyous expectation painted in his ruddy countenance ; for the old huffar, as well as the major, had inspired him with the most respectful love for his parents and his sister, because they were unwilling to take any liberties with that sacred affection.

The child had been building at the end of the garden when the carriage rolled into the court. As soon as he heard that his mother, with his brother and sister, were come, he threw aside his trowel, and ran as fast as he could to his uncle's parlour. His stockings hung about his heels, his uniform was full of clay and lime, and his hands were covered with dirt. The major blushed, and the boy himself started back when he cast his eye on his mother and the two children, who he had been told were his brother and sister. His brother, a boy seven years of age, was dressed in a light blue coat with gold lace ; had his hair in a
bag,

bag, and his locks were elegantly curled and powdered. Go and wash yourself first, said the major peevishly ; and in an instant the child sprung out at the door. Old Hennig, who met him, tied up his stockings, put on his best uniform, and then sent him back to the parlour with this admonition, that he should be exceedingly polite, kiss his mamma's hand, and remember not to swear.

It was very natural for the child to return with bashfulness and timidity. He walked, or rather hobbled, up to his mother, kissed her hand, and suffered her to pat his cheek. His brother and sister, who had by this time stood up, each laid hold of one of his hands, as they had been desired, calling him dearest brother ! Little Hennig hung down his head, and could scarcely utter a single word. He has been building, said the major aloud.—Building ? asked the mother with a malevolent sneer. Is he then to be a mason ?—Come hither, child, continued she, surveying him from

top to toe, both behind and before. The major every moment became more uneasy. This was observed by his sister-in-law, and her countenance seemed to brighten up with malignant joy. To make him more ashamed, she caused the other two children to begin and make a display of their knowledge. She asked Emilia something in French, and the young lady returned an answer in the same language. She proceeded with Charles in the like manner. She then asked little Hennig, Do you know French? A little, replied the boy. You tell a story, young one, said the major with astonishment. No, uncle, returned the child, at Rossbach they always cried out *Sacre Dieu!*—I was told so by Hennig.

Mrs. Halden sighed, and began to praise the good qualities and the talents of her children. Their uncle then presented them with a plate of fruit, for which they politely thanked him, and kissed his hand. In these ceremonies, however, they were not followed by Hennig; for he was totally

unacquainted with them. But, my God ! said the mother at last in an angry tone to little Hennig, you know nothing at all ! you have become a perfect dunce !

The poor child stood with tears in his eyes, because he had never before been spoken to in that harsh manner. He said, however, in a soft and timid manner, I love you so much, mamma !—and then, bursting out a-crying, threw himself into the arms of his uncle, laid his little head on his breast, and clasped his hands around his neck. Look ye, said the major, if he knows nothing else, he has a heart that knows to love mankind ; and I am afraid that those two there do not know so much. He now kissed the child, and said to him, My dear son, go into the garden, and take your brother and sister along with you. The major began to be sensible that he was about to say something severe to his sister-in-law ; and therefore he wished the children to be out of the way, that they might not hear it.

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In the garden little Hennig was in his proper element. What is that? Can it be eaten? asked sometimes Charles, sometimes Emilia; and Hennig always returned a proper answer. He plucked for his sister the prettiest flowers; and if he saw a ripe pear, he mounted the tree in an instant and brought it down. Ah! said Emilia, how can you climb so, dear brother! When the children became better known to each other, and consequently more conversible, little Hennig gave an account of all his amusements, and with others mentioned riding. Can you ride? asked both the children with great astonishment. In a moment he brought his pony from the stable, sprung upon his back, and went through the whole exercise of the riding-school, which he had been taught by his old preceptor. This was the only thing in little Hennig that pleased his brother, and for which he envied him. Little Emilia, however, appeared to be much better satisfied with Hennig. Well, said she laughing, when he

he shewed her all his playthings, his axes, bills, saws, planes, and pistols, I am sure I should like to stay with my uncle if it were proper. Proper ! replied the eldest, interrupting her, Is it proper that a young lady should draw water, and water flowers ? That belongs to the boors.

I am a boor ! said Hennig overjoyed, and my uncle intends that I shall be a baron and a man. With that he set off skipping and jumping up and down the walks. See there ! Emilia, said Charles, how rustic he is ! Just like a boor ! Mamma told us so !—Exceedingly rustic, replied Emilia, but I wish I were rustic too !

The servants at length called the children, and, as they were returning home, Charles told his mother how rustic his brother had been. His sister shewed the flowers and fruit which he had given her, and added, Brother Hennig, mamma, knows every thing much better than I and Charles ! And he was very kind—but very rustic,
 conti-

continued she, when she saw in what manner her mother looked at her.

While the mother and her two children were entertaining each other with little Hennig and his rusticity, the major and his friend had also entered into a conversation respecting him. It is not proper Hennig, said the major. Say not a word more—I have been ashamed; and would that have been necessary if what we are doing were right? Yes, were he my son, d'ye see, he might, for what I care, go without stockings altogether. But he is not mine, and therefore it must not be so. All this arises from there not being a woman in the house—I do not mean a chambermaid or a cook, but a woman to manage the family. You would see how clean the young one would be, were there an active woman or young girl in the house. Look ye, Hennig, I have thought of our girl in Bohemia. I wish we had her here. A hundred times has my heart reproached me—

me—and a hundred times have I doubted whether I do her justice. A hundred times!—Did she not save my life? and what have I done for her in return? I have sent her every year, since I learned where she is, the paltry sum of three hundred crowns; and she every time writes me a letter which, alone, is well worth the money. Had she parents alive, or were she married, I might think she has some one whom she loves, and has no need of me. But she is forlorn, and has no relations! It must grieve her that I send her money in return for her love, when I owe her much more. I think I will write to her to come and reside here—I could then shew her that I have a regard for her.

To this proposal Hennig had nothing to object. The major wrote; and in fourteen days, Riesen, the girl herself, instead of an answer arrived in a carriage at the gate. Hennig instantly sprung to the major in his apartment, calling out, Our girl from Bohemia! God bless her!—The major had
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seen a woman alight from the carriage ; he understood also Hennig's exclamation, and, with the utmost eagerness, hastened down the steps to meet her. For some time he was unable to speak, and could only clasp her in his arms. He at length cried out, Hannah, thou honest soul ! God be thanked that I have got thee ! Now say, what must I become to thee : a father or a brother ?—Yes, poor child ! I will be both if thou wilt love me—and a friend too.—He now conducted Hannah up the broad steps to his apartment, and Hennig walked along with her on the other side. The major, looking suddenly at the faithful old man, said tenderly, throwing his arms around him, See, Hannah, how I love this worthy man ! Ask him whether a brother could love him more tenderly, and he will tell you No. Now, look ye, I will love you in the same manner—yes, I will love you in spite of the whole world ! For what is relationship ? It comes from God, and I have every respect for it—(Here he took off his cap)—and
 God

God knows how painful it is to me when my heart is shut against my relations as close as an oyster! If I am wrong, may God forgive me! But they are the cause of it.—And what have you done for me! Exposed yourself to danger and want; and the Bible says, one cannot shew greater love to a brother than to resign one's life for him. Am I wrong? No!—(He now put on his cap)—Ye are my relations, dear children! O if I could only shew you my whole heart!—and he embraced them both, while his voice faltered, and the tears streamed from his eyes.

From that day the manner of living in the major's house was totally changed. Nothing had been wanting but this young girl, or, as she was now called, mademoiselle Riesen, to give a little polish to the rough manners of the major. She was the daughter of a Saxon clergyman, and had fled with her parents, at the beginning of the seven years' war, to a Bohemian village, where some of her relations resided. It was
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here that she saved the major, and attended him while he lay ill of his wounds. The village being afterwards burnt by the Croats, she retired to a relation at Lausitz, and then engaged herself as a companion, or rather waiting-maid, to a lady of quality, in whose house she led a life of misery. She, however, learned accidentally where the major lived; wrote to him, and gave him a very lively picture of her situation. She received an answer by an express, together with a considerable sum of money, and the assurance of an annuity for life. Two years after she was invited by the major to superintend the education of his nephew; and for this she was exceedingly well qualified, as hardships and poverty had given energy to her mind, and as she had acquired, by her intercourse with the world, a pliability of temper which fitted her for the company and conversation of mankind.

She was just twenty-eight years of age, and, though not handsome, had an engaging
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ing countenance which seemed to announce a benevolent heart, with lively and expressive eyes. The major pressed her to accept of the best apartment in the castle; but she made choice of a small neat parlour which looked towards the canal. He dispatched Hennig to the nearest town, to purchase a variety of elegant articles for the use of her person. She received the present, but requested that in future she might be allowed to choose her dress herself. She indeed always retained great simplicity in her clothing, and only made some little change in the fashion, as the major insisted that she should eat at table with him. So we shall be three together, said he; for Hennig would never suffer any one but himself to wait on his master at meals.

From that moment little Hennig was committed to the care of Hannah. The major's intention was, that she should form his exterior part only; but she assumed something more, and for this she had abundance of time, as she overlooked the female

male department of the domestic economy only, and that even without the knowledge of the major, who absolutely insisted that she should never appear in his house in the character of a servant.

Hannah had received from her father a very careful education, and was exceedingly well informed. She was able, therefore, to teach the boy to read and write, which had been before done by the schoolmaster; who, however, found an advantage in not suffering him to make too great progress. Little Hennig now improved rapidly. Hannah could relate most wonderful tales of enchanted castles, shipwrecks, children and ghosts; but before Hennig could be indulged with this entertainment, it was necessary that his hands and face should be clean, without the least speck, and that his uniform should be in the best order. The major himself would listen to Hannah's stories with almost as much pleasure as little Hennig; and the latter was always obliged to pass muster before his uncle, as a preliminary

minary to their paying a visit together to Hannah.

Hennig and the major continued, in the mean time, to ride out every now and then with their young pupil. The gardener taught him to prop and engraft, and the forester considered him as a wonder, because he knew the names of all the trees, and could distinguish a nightingale from a thrush without ever committing a mistake.

Little Hennig acquired also a great deal of practical knowledge in the handicraft arts of the different workmen who resided in the neighbourhood. He was acquainted with all the peasants in Sollingen, particularly the poor, on whom he often privately bestowed the whole of his pocket money. He entirely discontinued the abominable practice of swearing, because miss Hannah had forbidden it; and the major and Hennig gave it over also, for fear of offending Hannah, to whom it was disagreeable. Besides possessing all these good qualities, he was a handsome child, whom one could not look

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at without pleasure. He was always cheerful ; had a smile ever on his countenance ; was of a lively open disposition ; had a heart ready at all times to participate in the joy or sorrow of others ; behaved with mildness to all mankind ; was wild and impetuous in all his whims and amusements ; courageous, bold and venturesome—when Hennig incited him with his huzza—but as pliable as a young willow, if miss Hannah only made a signal to him with her finger. He now read the newspapers to his uncle, not with a drawling tone, but in a proper manner, because the major, old Hennig, and even miss Hannah pronounced every thing they said with a strong full voice, as all those do who feel what they express. In a little time also he could walk upright, and turn out his toes. This at first cost him a great deal of trouble ; but miss Hannah, when he did so to her satisfaction, would tell him some wonderful story of a murder. In the course of half a year the major said to Hennig : Now, old man, what do you say

to the young one? See what a blessing of God a prudent girl is!—I will now pay a visit once more to my sister-in-law.

Great preparations were made for this visit, because the major had some share of vanity as well as every other man. A new uniform was provided for Hennig; and an elegant saddle-cloth for his pony. A carriage also had been lately purchased; for the major said, When there is a wife in the house there must also be a carriage; and could I be more indebted to a wife, Hennig, added he, than to the excellent Hannah?

When they set out, the carriage accompanied them, in order that the child should not be under the necessity of riding the whole way, which might have fatigued him too much, and Hennig led the pony. A mile from Moorberg the boy jumped from the carriage and mounted his horse. They now trotted towards Moorberg; and the three riders, on a full gallop, entered the chamberlain's court.

The window was thrown up on their approach ; and when the major saw the child dismount in a most graceful manner, he nodded to old Hennig with a smile of satisfaction. He then took his nephew by the hand ; and, with an air of triumph, conducted him into the hall, whispering to him at the same time : Turn your toes out prettily, Hennig !

The hall was full of company, and every eye was turned with pleasure to the boy, now seven years of age, who with a cheerful confident look entered by the side of his uncle. After a bow, which even miss Hannah would have praised, and after kissing his mother's hand, he stepped up to his sister, whom he had never been able to forget since he had seen her with his mother at Sollingen, and emptied his hussar pocket which he had filled with fruit, flowers and cakes for her. The major then advancing towards his brother with a dignified air, said : There, brother Toffel—there is your son ! - - - I can tell you, added he softly,
that

that the young one has got something in him.—His father fell upon the major's neck with the utmost affection, and then taking his son in his arms kissed him,—beheld him with a look of rapturous satisfaction, and kissed him again.

The whole company now assembled around the little huffar. His young sister sported with the brown hair which hung down in ringlets over his shoulders. Each tore him from the other; almost stifled him with kisses, and then went to his mother to congratulate her on her good fortune. Mrs. Halden thanked them very politely, and bestowed some caresses on the child, but with apparent coolness. The major would certainly have called out, Hennig, let us saddle! had he not hoped that the boy would soften his mother's heart; and besides, he recollected that he had promised to Hannah, the evening before, not to allow himself to be carried away by his passion. He therefore bit his lips and held his tongue. The mother

ther called Charles, and asked him some question, which the child answered with great readiness. She then turned to one of the company and said, My eldest son would, indeed, cut a very good figure at court. After this she began to examine little Hennig, who looked at her very suspiciously, and answered with difficulty, and often even at cross purposes. The major had one of his worst oaths upon his tongue : he however suppressed it. In the mean time the chamberlain had been conversing with one of the visitors respecting his collection of curiosities ; and the whole company joined in requesting that he would be so good as to favour them with a sight of it. They all proceeded towards it ; and the children followed. Mr. Halden having first opened a glass case filled with preserved birds, remained silent, that he might enjoy the pleasure of seeing how his guests were affected ; and the latter were silent also, as if struck dumb by astonishment. Emilia, who had hold of her brother's hand, pointed to
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the glass case and said, Look there, brother! what is that? I will tell you in a moment, said Hennig. The first is a goshawk; the next to that is a sparrowhawk, and that with the long legs is a heron; the fourth is a great-eared owl; then comes a stork, and then a kite. At present, Emilia, they stand without order. The heron and the stork belong to the same genus, and that coot also, in the second row; for these are water-fowls; and the birds of prey should stand together also.

Every countenance now turned towards little Hennig, and he was obliged to name the birds in each row. He knew them all till he came to the flamingo. That I do not know, said he, but it is a long-legged animal too. Brother, said the chamberlain, have you procured a collection?—No, indeed, replied the major, nor did ever Hennig see one in his life. The child now, in answer to different questions put to him, began to speak with equal precision respecting the habits of each bird: he mentioned

their food, distinguished birds of passage from others, and related every thing remarkable respecting their manner of living.

The chamberlain then drew out a drawer with specimens of wood. Do you know also what papa has got here, said Emilia? His father presented to him a small piece of wood, and asked, What is that?—Oak, answered Hennig. His father having said No, in order to puzzle him, he mentioned the characteristic marks of it with great accuracy; and the company clearly saw that he perfectly understood the subject. He now named most of the kinds of wood, and described—but not without being desired—the management and different uses of them; so that every one present was convinced he did not speak from what he had been taught, but from his own experience. He was next shewn the models of various machines, the structure and uses of which he described with tolerable correctness; for he had a complete knowledge of the oil and colour-mills at Sollingen, and of their dif-

different parts, as would be the case with all children were they only carried to see mills and machinery, and were the construction of them explained to them.

The company were the more astonished at this knowledge, as they were entirely ignorant of it themselves. They were obliged to consider some time before they could distinguish an oak from a beech-tree, and here a child could distinguish even different bits of wood. Each whispered to the other : It is astonishing ! incomprehensible ! What a phenomenon of a child !— Every mother paid the major a well-deserved compliment on his education, and wished he would teach her to instruct her son in the like manner. It is no art, ladies, said the major : the boy has only four or five tutors, who are all perfect masters in their different departments. That is the whole secret. He learns natural history, as my brother calls that stuff, from the forester in the woods ; from the cabinet-maker who manufactures the timber ; from

the gardener in the garden ; from my bailiff at the farm-yards and in the fields—and for that purpose nothing is required but eyes, ears, and a little memory. His principal tutor, my old servant Hennig, after whom the young one is named, carries him round to all the mills and manufactories in the neighbourhood ; to the baker, the linen-weaver, and the houses of all the other tradesmen in the village, where he sees or learns by experience, on the spot, what most children are taught from engravings which they do not understand.

When the company were told in what manner little Hennig had acquired his knowledge, they began to shake their heads. A riding servant for principal tutor ! exclaimed they. This observation completely spoiled the major's triumph ; and the mother, who had hitherto been silent, assumed a little more courage. No, said she, if my children should never learn to know what a tree is, I would not suffer them to be in the company of a groom. The mischief here
would

would far exceed the advantage. Hennig there goes about visiting all the low people, masons and weavers, and what the better is he of knowing how linen is wove ?

What the better is he, sister ? replied the major. A great deal ! I have myself derived much benefit by having an opportunity of seeing many things at the same time.—It teaches him to love mankind, because he observes with what pain and labour the greater part of them earn their bread. It teaches him to honour them, because he discovers that these men make every thing useful, or that can render life agreeable, while we, on the other hand, make nothing. It teaches him that the fields of the poor are moistened with the bloody sweat of anguish, and therefore he will not destroy their crops by hunting through them. It teaches him, in a word, look ye, to respect the holy will of God, and not to gratify the will of the world or of his own passions !

These assertions of the major were considered to be rather heretical, and not alto-

gether found; but as he concluded with a passage from the catechism, no one ventured to attack them. All the gentlemen were silent; and the ladies whispered so among themselves, that one could distinguish only the words, Not disgrace one's rank!—Riding servant!—Low people!—Indecent!

Mrs. Halden seemed to despise little Hennig's accomplishments; but he behaved so well, displayed so much modesty, was so tractable and so civil to the servants, that her contempt was of no avail: for the boy recovered that general approbation and favour which he had been almost deprived of by the account given of his tutors. His mother desired him to read; and he read so correctly and with so much propriety, that the company could not refuse him the tribute of their praises once more.

The admiration of the company produced in the mother sensations of a very different kind: for her darling was entirely neglected. Charles, whom his mother, by
her

her improper education, had already rendered vain, and who had always been accustomed to hear his brother mentioned in a contemptuous manner, appeared with a very unpleasant countenance. When Hennig arrived, he had flattered himself with the idea of eclipsing him by his knowledge, particularly in natural history; and in this he had been extremely unfortunate. Besides, Hennig paid little attention to all the smart things which Charles imagined he spoke; but carelessly sported with Emilia, who was strongly attached to her brother, because he had brought her so many presents.

As Mrs. Halden saw Charles standing with dejected looks, she was extremely desirous to gratify his wishes, and told palpable falsehoods respecting his good qualities. This produced loud and excessive praise from the company; but they stooped to embrace the little hussar, kissed him, and exclaimed with rapture, What an angel!

Little Hennig now became more detested

by his mother, who even before entertained a strong aversion to him; for she saw that he had not only humbled her darling, but would prevent him from becoming heir to his uncle. Had he remained with her, he might have regained her affection; but he was going to return with the rude, unmannerly major, who had openly told her so many plain truths to her face. She did not deign, therefore, to turn her eyes towards him, when he mounted his horse and set off with his uncle from the court.

When the whole company broke out into a general panegyric on young Hennig, the tears of vexation almost started from the eyes of the mother. She carried her darling to her own apartment, and in the bitterest manner reproached his tutor, because Charles had not the same knowledge as Hennig -- a knowledge, indeed, which it was impossible he should possess, as she never suffered him to go into the garden but in her company. The tutor promised wonders; ridiculed Hennig's knowledge;

and the lady once more assumed a serene countenance. Be only diligent, my dear little Charles, said she, and Hennig shall not get before you! The child exclaimed with emotion: I must learn to ride also. I have no objection, Charles, replied the mother, were it only to mortify that vain boy. For in this manner was the unnatural hatred which Charles entertained against his brother more and more strengthened.

As Emilia knew nothing of hatred, it was impossible she should entertain any against her brother. Her good genius had procured her a very prudent governess, who possessed an excellent heart. On account of these good qualities, *mademoiselle* did not give entire satisfaction in the family; and she would have been soon dismissed, had she not, according to the opinion of the best judges, spoken the French language in the utmost purity. It was affection, therefore, to her poor mother and Emilia, which induced her to remain in a house where she was made to feel the whole weight of family pride;

pride; where every one spoke in her presence with the greatest contempt of the ordinary class of citizens, and on all occasions taught the children to maintain their dignity, and not to be familiar with people of common rank. It may be consistent with human nature, wrote she to her mother, who subsisted only on the support given her by her worthy daughter, that the nobility should always extend the privileges they enjoy. Who of them willingly suffer us to regain any of those rights which they have once taken from us? But if this be perfectly natural, the nobility must think it natural also, that the class of citizens should entertain a continual aversion to them, and envy them that pre-eminence which they themselves carry so far. I am shocked to the very heart when people speak of a girl marrying a man of inferior rank, as if she had thrown herself away on a low-life sharper. I am, however, silent, and hear this language of pride with patience.

One may readily suppose that the governess

ness avoided the company of Mrs. Halden as much as possible, and kept at a proper distance from the tutor, who by his flattery and cringing must have raised up suspicions against her. She spent the greater part of her time either in her own apartment or in the garden; and Emilia was almost always in her company. The young lady learnt a great deal from her governess, because she loved her; and the boy, on the other hand, very little, because she beheld him with a sort of aversion. The love of teachers to their pupils is the best half of education.

The governess endeavoured by every means possible to gain Emilia's affection, in order that she might preserve her heart untainted from the poison of vanity; and Mrs. Halden was much pleased to see Emilia always in the company of her governess, as she hoped that by these means she would make greater progress in the French language. Besides, Emilia was not so much the darling of her mother as Charles. On the latter were founded all her plans of gran-

grandeur; and the former was nothing more than a kind of auxiliary to carry these plans into execution.

The mother, therefore, very fortunately could make but little impression on Emilia; and the governess inspired the child's heart so early with a love of mankind, that it was not possible afterwards to destroy it. The governess endeavoured also, very properly, to preserve in Emilia's mind the remembrance of her brother Hennig. Emilia, after her visit to Sollingen, had related to *mademoiselle* a great many things respecting Hennig, and even said to her, privately, in confidence: My brother kissed the old dirty groom; but I did not tell mamma so, because she is vexed enough already.

The governess had often heard the major mention Mrs. Halden without much respect, but she had never spoken to him. When there were any visitors, neither the tutor nor the governess sat at table; and, besides, Mrs. Halden had particular reasons for preventing either of them from being in the major's company.

company. The governess, however, heard the domestics speak with so much respect of the major, that it was impossible for her not to pay some attention to him. When little Hennig came over with his uncle, Emilia carried him to the apartment of her governess, and said to him: My dear Hennig, this is my *gouvernante*.—What is that? asked the boy. The governess having explained it to him: Yes, said he, now I know what it means. You are to Emilia a mademoiselle Riesen, who is so fond of me, and for whom we all—I, uncle and old Hennig—have so great an affection.

The governess having made some farther enquiry, the boy described in a very minute manner how mademoiselle Riesen was employed the whole day; how much she was beloved by his uncle, and other particulars. She was highly captivated with the boy's affability, candour, politeness, and confidence; and he, on the other hand, was no less pleased with her. Soon after he returned to his uncle in the parlour, and said
to

to him in a whisper: Uncle, Emilia has also a mademoiselle Riesen, who is very kind to her. The major had already conversed a little with Emilia in the morning, and found to his great joy that her natural good disposition was still uncorrupted. In answer to some of his questions, she spoke in so handsome a manner of her governess, that he became desirous of being acquainted with her. Little Hennig having, therefore, come into the room and whispered to him, he went to visit the governess. He entered into a conversation with her; and in a quarter of an hour he stretched out his hand to her, and, squeezing hers, said: You are a good girl, my dear *ma'm'sell*, and I am happy to embrace this opportunity of assuring you of my esteem. But how do you find your situation in this family?—Mademoiselle shrugged up her shoulders.—Is it not true, continued the major, that you are here in Egyptian bondage?—But hark ye! my dear *ma'm'sell*, I have observed by Emilia, that you are not here without a blessing.

blessing. Every evil is compensated by
 some advantage. You save this child from
 the claws of the devil—I mean from cursed
 pride—that is a happiness; and then, look
 ye, I have the other little one with me.
 The mother, I firmly believe, has no affec-
 tion for the young one; and she might
 now and then let fall some expressions re-
 specting him, which would have a very bad
 effect both on Charles and Emilia. Where
 brothers hate each other, there the devil
 finds game, and misery establishes her
 throne. My dear *ma'm'sell*, say a few words
 sometimes to my young one in the presence
 of his sister, if not in that of his mother.
 Let the children never forget that Hennig
 is their brother, and he shall never forget
 with me, that this properly is the home on
 which all the affections of his heart should
 be fixed. We both can do a great deal pri-
 vately; and as I have heard from my bro-
 ther, dear *ma'm'sell*, that you—for which I
 must kiss your hand—that you maintain
 your worthy old mother----do not take
 it

it amiss if I drop a tear - - - I have had parents, and know how fortunate you are who can do so! - - - But what was it I meant to say? - - - Yes—In my family there is a legacy for widows who - - look ye - - -

The governess fixed her eyes on the major, and looked at him with attention, but merely through curiosity, as she did not know what he was going to say.

The major then continued: You look earnestly at me then, dear *ma'm'sell*, to see whether I am telling a falsehood. It is exceedingly hard that one cannot express what one feels!—She was still farther from understanding him than before. He then laid his hand upon his heart, and said—To speak plainly, in my heart there is a legacy for every child of misfortune, and the mother of so excellent a daughter must not be suffered to remain without the enjoyments of life. Do not take it ill, therefore, if I endeavour to do some little matter for your dear mother, since you do so much for my brother's children!—With these

these words, the major blushing, and in some confusion, laid about twenty *louis d'ors* on the table.—I beg, my dear *ma'm'sell*, that you will accept these. My brother has told me how much you receive in this family; and, upon my honour, I think it barely sufficient for defraying the expence of the clothes which you wear. Consider this sum as an addition to it.

The young lady accepted the major's present with much sensibility, and said, with a look of gratitude—O my mother!—The major desired her to apply to him when in any difficulty, and then took his leave.

The seeds of brotherly affection sown in the heart of Emilia had taken so deep root, that it was almost impossible they should ever be eradicated, especially as the governess never failed to intermix, in all the pleasing hopes which the young lady formed of futurity, the picture of the good Hennig. She often made him the subject of her conversation with Emilia; and when the latter

ter sometimes complained of her brother Charles, the governess would say, Hennig certainly would not have behaved in that manner. Every time the major came to Moorberg, he brought some pretty thing with him to Emilia from her brother Hennig; and he always carried back something in return to Hennig as a present from his brother and sister, or from his parents. Emilia now loved her brother with real affection, though she soon observed—for children are more attentive than generally supposed to the behaviour of grown-up people—that this affection was no merit in the eyes of her mother. She once innocently asked—Dear mamma, why then have you such an aversion to brother Hennig? and received this answer—Because he is a little unpolished boor, who learns nothing. The governess, however, gave a very different account of Hennig, though she, at the same time, endeavoured to persuade the child, that her mother loved brother Hennig

nig also ! But Emilia clearly saw that she hated him, though she did not know the reason.

Next time he came to Moorberg, Emilia undertook his defence ; but she incurred a severe reproof from her mother. From that moment she held her tongue, and, as is always the case with children, rejoiced that she had it in her power to do what it was wished she should not do, and what had not been forbidden. She resolved to love Hennig with more tenderness, which she really did ; as he now more than ever engaged her heart and attention.

It was, however, impossible to establish a good understanding between Charles and Hennig, though the major gave himself a great deal of trouble for that purpose. Charles even, however much he wished for a horse, received with great coolness a pony which had been sent to him, because the major said that he was a present from his brother Hennig.

With

With all these circumstances Hennig was unacquainted. He loved his parents, his brother, and, in particular, his sister; made them the daily subject of his conversation; and rejoiced when he heard that he was about to pay another visit to Moorberg. He had never yet entertained an idea that his mother slighted him more than the rest of her children; and indeed he had the less reason to think so, as he was so much esteemed by every person at Sollingen. Besides his other pursuits, he now learnt by heart Gellert's Fables, and as many French phrases as were known to the major and to miss Hannah. He wrote as well as Hannah herself, and could cast up accounts, either on his fingers or on paper, with as much readiness as the steward who had taught him. Miss Hannah, indeed, could do nothing more for him, and adhered to a rule of her father, that children ought to get something by heart every day. But his memory was so retentive, that whatever she

he prescribed he could repeat in half an hour, and then he was again in want of employment.

Old Hennig had already often expressed his displeasure on account of his darling being obliged to apply so much to learning. He now, however, had him more under his own management; and it was not long before the boy was able to contend with him in riding, fencing, and shooting. The tears would always start into the old man's eyes when his darling stood before him, and repeated, with a clear voice, that fable of Gellert entitled "The Old Beggar;" but he would say, when his transport had subsided, Such fine talking is of no use in the world; for one may be able to speak so as to draw tears from another, and yet have the heart of a tiger. I have all my lifetime observed, that those who can prate best do the least good. They speak of compassion, and yet their money is frozen to their hearts.—But what else can be done, Hennig? asked Hannah. To this the old

man could give no answer ; and so matters went on as before. Miss Hannah continued to prescribe tasks, which the boy repeated. Old Hennig used to over-hear him, and, by these means, got by heart Gellert's Fables also.

The major now began to pay very little attention to his nephew. He walked about alone more frequently than before ; sat oftener at his window, and, in a thoughtful posture, puffed the smoke of his tobacco straight forwards. Neither Hennig nor Hannah was able to rouse him from his melancholy silence. His greatest pleasure formerly had been to hear Hennig repeat some pieces of poetry before him ; he used to listen with a smile, and then to make, in very impressive words, an application of what he had heard. He now listened to the boy with his tobacco-pipe in his mouth, and, before he had half done, would turn his eyes from him to some flower on the carpet, and contract his forehead into a thousand wrinkles. He was so absent, that
he

he heard little more than one half; and then, without saying a word, he would again place himself at his window.

Hannah said to old Hennig, What can be the matter with the major? But Hennig could not answer her question. The evil became every day worse. Ten times would the major light his pipe, and it would still go out, because he always forgot to smoke. Every thing unpleasant used before to be forgotten as soon as the major had got on horseback; the wrinkles on his forehead then disappeared, and no one had occasion to be afraid of receiving a harsh answer. He now laid the bridle on the horse's neck, and scarcely had he rode out of the village when he would say—Hennig, let us return; the air is too raw!—To-day, said Hennig to miss Hannah, he returned home as we used to ride formerly when sent out to give orders for foraging: we proceeded then as slowly as if the horses had not been able to lift their legs!

Dear major, said Hennig at last, shall I

get the carriage out, and fetch the doctor?

The doctor! replied the major, starting up from the window—Is any one sick? I hope it is not Hannah?

Hannah! returned Hennig—I wish every one in the house were in as good health and spirits. She is as blooming as a rose!

You are right! Like a rose, Hennig! like a lily! for her soul is equally pure. But who then is sick?

You yourself, dear major. But tell me, I pray, what is the matter—You torment yourself and us also!

Do I, Hennig? Well, you must forgive me. I did not think that you would have observed it.

Not observed it! The young one observes it, and is uneasy when you do not hear his speeches to the end. It does not signify, major! You must tell me what lies heavy at your heart. It will do you some good. I am grieved, and miss Hannah is grieved. You now stand like a general
who

who has suffered himself to be overcome by the enemy, and who is about to surrender his sword—But take courage, major! Out with your sabre, and cut your way through them!

You reason properly, Hennig! I can cut my way—that you know well --- But --- Yes—were it only through bullets, I should not sit here at the window drawing my hand so often over my face, because I do not know whether I have a head or not.

What is the matter, then? said Hennig. The major shook his head.—Think only, major, continued Hennig with some emotion, how the damned Croats once gave it you behind. You then said—Ride on, Hennig, I have had my share. But I did not ride; and with God's help, and that of Hannah, I brought you through. You now shake your head, as if you meant to say again, Ride on, Hennig! But I will not ride this time yet. Tell me, therefore, what is the matter?

At present, Hennig, replied the major,

the enemy has taken better aim. The bullet is seated here, continued he, laying his hand on his heart, while Hennig looked at him with attention. Let me alone, old man; I shall soon be well again.

Hennig, however, still insisted; and, pulling off his cap, said—Dear major, I beg you will tell me; and, if I cannot relieve you, I will also seek for a window, and --- Tell me; dear major; the tears start into my eyes—I beg you will tell me!

The major having walked up and down the room in great trouble, because he could not come to a determination, at length said—But, Hennig, can you keep a secret?

Yes, replied Hennig, as if my mouth were stopped up by a twenty-four pounder.

I did a foolish thing, Hennig, replied the major, when I took my brother's son.

Hennig stared, and seemed almost petrified with astonishment; for he loved the boy with as much tenderness as the major, and would cheerfully have laid down his life for him. The major then continued—

But

But still I do not know how things could have been otherwise; for the mother had no affection to the child, and the father sets more value on a stuffed eagle, or a bullfinch, than he does on his children. Yes, I was obliged to do it; and God has bestowed his blessing; for every one is delighted with the boy. But in this affair I have done one foolish thing. I always considered it presumptuous, you know, to make a will. I suspected it would be attended with misfortune - - - The young one is heir to all my property. Do you understand now, Hennig?

No, not a word; for, if any other than the young one should get Sollingen and your dun horse, with the Polish and Turkish ones, I could burn the place to the ground, look ye, and shoot the horses through the head. Then might the devil take it, and witches live in it, for what I should care. Burn it! — Yes, that I could.

But if it should come to my children, Hennig? You would spare it in that case? You would not burn it?—Your children? Hennig stared, with his mouth wide open, and for some time could not utter a single word—Your children? asked he once more—Yes, that is another thing. Now I will stick by you till death. And should you outlive me, major, may he who pleases take Sollingen and the horses; for, in the name of God, they will then have served out their full time. But, major, I must have the young one—Children here, children there—I know nothing of them. You lately said that love was the only true relationship, and so it is. As soon as I have closed your eyes, I shall follow the young one, should he even go to hell.

And my children, my worthy Hennig, said the major, holding him by the hand—Could you desert my children?

Only see, replied Hennig, into what difficulty a man may be brought! Formerly
I could

I could know as quick as lightning what to say, or to do. And here?—I will consider a little, major. I cannot promise—that I swear to you by my soul—for, if I do, I must then keep my word, and I have too great an affection for the young one. Good God, major!—Now I clearly comprehend why you sat there sighing.—Were I in the same condition, my eyes would be full of water. But tell me, I pray, why did you not think of it sooner?

I did not know it sooner, replied the major blushing.

You did not know it sooner? But how then, in the world, came you to know it now all at once? No—Not all at once, Hennig—It was only by degrees; every day a little more—a little when we were at table—a little while I sat here at the window, until I at last knew it altogether.

God preserve us, major! you make me quite anxious by your manner of talking. Such a thing as that one must know at once.—(Here he looked at his master in a

timid and feeling manner)—Where then are your children?

Children?—I have none as yet—But, Hennig, I may marry.

May marry! You have frightened me so that I am almost as cold as ice. I really thought that the children were already at the door.—Yes, you may marry—but you will not.

Yes, Hennig, for this reason, because I will do nothing - - - - - What then? For this reason? For what reason? - - - - - Sit there at the window, and become like a shadow. That is the bullet in the heart.

Then Jack Ketch may become an honest man! You will not marry; and for that reason you sit at the window! Who compels you then?

Hennig, have I not told you plainly enough? There is nothing to prevent me from marrying; but I dare not.

And you have - - - - - Ha ha! now I begin to see! And you observed it a little more every day? Ay, the devil! Now,
major,

major, I begin to see. You observed it a little at table? And for that reason you sat so looking at *ma'm'sell* Hannah, without being able to speak a word, and continued sitting till my legs were so tired that I was obliged to sit down. Might you not therefore marry *ma'm'sell* Hannah?

The major blushed, and hung down his head.

Victoria! cried Hennig, throwing up his cap, and endeavoured to rush out at the door.

The major stopped him. Hennig, said he, you promised to be silent—Hear, Hennig! you see that I dare not. Have I not then been guilty of a foolish action in regard to my will? My hands are tied.

Hennig at length began to comprehend the whole affair. A consultation was now held, but it seemed impossible, in any manner, to set aside what had been done. To cancel the will, and give Hennig only a child's portion, appeared to both unjust,

however generous it might appear to others; for the major said, I have passed my word!

But if it will not go, major, said Hennig, you must yourself banish it from your mind!

Yes, Hennig, replied the major; but I cannot do it, though I am not able to tell precisely the reason.—When my father died, my sister-in-law did many improper things, which I saw, and which my attorney well knew. I was advised to go to law with my brother, and my father's grave was not yet covered with grass. For that reason I was ashamed. I had a mind to do it—a great mind, especially when my sister-in-law behaved in so honourable a manner; but I banished it from my thoughts, look ye, accepted Sollingen, and made no words about the matter. I have, in the like manner, banished from my thoughts many things which you do not know, and which no man shall know; but here it is impossible. When I look at Hannah, I feel I cannot

not tell how ; my heart is so full, and I scarcely know whether I am sad or joyful. When at table, if I cast my eyes downwards—and that I do—I then think, Old fool, why do you look at her ?—and if I hear her speak, I am as bad. To make her silent, I answer not a word ; but I hear her breath, and then I must look at her again whether I will or not. I at length leave the room : but I still see her wherever I go ; and if I hear her voice in the next apartment, my heart flutters as if I were about to attack a battery. For some time I did not rightly know what all this meant, and I always thought, Yes, it is owing to your having so great an affection for the girl—Yes—it was so, but in a different manner from what I believed. At last I clearly perceived that I was in love with her. I was kind to her before, because she had been so good, so faithful, and so tender-hearted—but at present !—I could kiss her hand while she is helping me at table. When I behold her slender figure,
and

and her small neat foot projecting below her apron, I am inflamed—but it is only with chaste desire. If she gives me her hand, I tremble like a poor sinner. In a word, Hennig, I am in love with her. I used to laugh formerly, when I heard of people dying of love, and now, when an old fellow almost fifty, I have learned to know that there is great truth in that expression!—I have considered the matter, Hennig, backwards and forwards; but I can make nothing of it. Gladly would I leave to the young one all I have got, and again push my way upwards in the service, from the rank of cornet, could I by these means secure Hannah. I can now say, look ye, Ride on, Hennig, for I have had my share! I will not, Hennig, part with the young one—He is my heir; and, thank God! it has never entered my head to make any alteration in that respect, though I have done so in many other things, which I say to my own shame; for such conduct is scarcely forgiven, even in a giddy

giddy wild young fellow of twenty—much less than in a grey-beard like me. A hundred times have I thought, Give up the plunder to the young one; thou hast still a handsome sum in ready money and effects; retire with Hennig and Hannah to some country where thou art not known, and live there in happiness and peace. Afterwards I become ashamed: What will the young one do, say I, in his twentieth year, when his uncle, at the age of fifty, makes a run-away marriage with a girl? No—I will rather die of a broken heart, than that the boy, when he has committed some foolish action, should step forwards and say, My uncle behaved no better. I might, indeed, carry the young one with me, but who can tell what I should do? I have a sincere affection for him, and I cannot detach my heart from the girl. I wish sometimes, Hennig, look ye, that the Croats had got hold of me—who knows what foolish action they might have prevented? Such is my situation, and what say'st thou now?

Hennig

Hennig clapped his finger to his nose, and replied, It is not a sin, major—that I know—otherwise it would not have been implanted in our nature. That one is ashamed of it, as you say, is nothing ; for people are ashamed of poverty, and yet it is neither a sin nor a shame. So I do not see, major, why I should have let the Croats fall upon you. What is to be done with the will, I do not know ; but if any one in the world can give you advice, it is Hannah.

The major soon convinced the old husband, that Hannah must not know any thing of the matter. Be it so, said Hennig. But you must marry miss Hannah ; for there is nothing wicked in it, God knows. And that it must be possible, I would lay both our coach-horses against your brother's old mare. If we only durst ask miss Hannah, she would soon find a stratagem to remove the will a little out of the way.

A stratagem, Hennig ? That must not be—Why should one go privately to work to deceive ?

deceive ? In an affair of this kind, which depends on keeping one's word, a man has to do with his own conscience and the great God, before whom stratagems can be of no avail. Yes, were I clear with God and my own conscience, and then—but that will be still more difficult—in possession of miss Hannah, the people might talk as they please. That, look ye, would be just as my sister-in-law says : For the sake of advantage one may conceal any thing, or draw a veil over it. I am in love ; but I am a man of honour, and will continue so as long as I live.

At this moment Hannah entered, and called the major to dinner. The major blushed and hung down his head, while Hennig fixed his eyes on Hannah with a look of satisfaction. At table Hennig was lost in deep study, and handed neither plates nor any thing else in proper order. As soon as he had discovered a plan, according to his own idea, for freeing the major from his trouble, he jumped behind.

hind Hannah's chair, and winked to him with a friendly air, which again excited the major's blushes. Hannah observed in the mirror the nods and gestures of the old hussar; the major's blushes also did not escape her notice; and therefore she readily supposed that these two knew some secret with which she was unacquainted. At length they rose from table without speaking a single word. The major went in silence to his apartment, and Hennig proceeded to the stable to deliberate maturely, between the horses, in what manner he could best assist his master.

He continued thinking till midnight, and, after much deliberation, at length settled the whole plan. He then started up quite intoxicated with joy, calling out, The devil! this business has cost me more grief and sorrow than the Croats did formerly—But I have it!—He now ran to his master, who, being oppressed with care, had just begun to shut his eyes, and shaking him exclaimed, Major, Hannah is yours! and

we will not alter a tittle of the will ! The major sat up in bed, and Hennig began as follows : Your estate brings you in ten thousand crowns a year ; that is plain—but did it bring in twenty thousand, you would lay out so much on widows and orphans that this even would go. Now, look ye, dear major, let us, in future, spend about seven thousand, and lay three thousand by - - - -

I do not suffer the widows and orphans to want, Hennig, said the major—That is nothing.

Well then, continued Hennig, these three thousand crowns, which we lay by yearly, shall be also for a widow and orphans whom you hold dearest in the world. Suppose you marry miss Hannah. At present you are almost fifty years of age, and, according to the Bible, you have still twenty years and more before you. Three times twenty, that makes sixty thousand crowns. But suppose you live only ten years, still there will be thirty thousand.

And

And then, should you have three children, each will get ten thousand. This will be fully sufficient—And do you imagine that little Hennig would ever allow your children to be in want?

But if I should die soon after my marriage, Hennig, and leave behind me a widow and children?

Suppose you did—I have annually four hundred crowns, and do you think that I have scraped together nothing? What should I have done, then, with all that money which you have been giving me as presents almost every month? And then the sum which you told me of to-day, together with God's blessing, and a saving mother like Hannah, not forgetting myself!—Did my arms grow from my shoulders merely that I should make flourishes with them like the young one when he speaks his speeches?—It will do!—As God is alive it will do!—You may marry to-morrow.

The major raised himself up still more in bed, because Hennig's confident assertion inspired

inspired him with new courage. This plan he had himself thought of before. He only wanted some respectable person to give it his approbation, and now a man whom he considered as one of the most respectable in the world had fallen upon the same. The major got up; a candle was lighted, and he began to count the sum which he had in his strong box. It amounted to about four thousand crowns—Something for the day of need, said the major.—Yes, replied Hennig—and something for the day of love. But you have already settled on Hannah, continued he, three hundred crowns per annum—O, ho! money enough! God grant you may have as many children as we have hundreds!

But what will my sister-in-law say? replied the major, after being lost for some time in deep thought.

She may say what she pleases, returned Hennig—We shall keep to the will—But marry you must; and I, foolish booby, for as long as miss Hannah has been in the house,

house, never so much as dreamed of it! I could almost waken miss Hannah, I am so overjoyed!

The major fetched a deep sigh, and, raking the money together, said, Of what use is our counting and reckoning, if Hannah will not consent? There comes a Croat still, Hennig. Yes, if he were removed! She is a handsome young girl, and I soon shall be an old man. My hot temper, too, and my dulness during the last month, have not perhaps recommended me much to her esteem. But God knows that these proceeded entirely from my love to the good child. If she would only give me her hand, I could safely promise that she should never more hear a bad word from my mouth.

Ah, major, you talk as if I had not known better long ago! All that is nothing.

What do you know, then, Hennig? Speak at once. You shall see that I am right.

I know

I know that Hannah loves you as a father, and never mentions your name without tears. She said only the other day—Our major sits on horseback like a young man. Banish all these whims. I tell you once for all, Hannah will——

And if she will not, dear Hennig!—My God! I have so much love for her—such inexpressible love!

Ay, major—I'll sound her to-morrow morning—But I tell you she will.

Sounding, Hennig, is nothing. I think we must go to work openly. We will take no advantage of her misfortunes, please God. I will consider of it to-night, and to-morrow we will talk it over again.—Hennig took his leave. The major then counted the money once more, and, for the first time in his life, fell asleep reckoning.

Next morning Hennig got up early, and took out his master's best uniform. He asked Hannah for some powder, and could not help laughing to himself when he received

ceived it. Now, look ye, said he to the major, shewing him the powder-bag, the enemy has supplied us with ammunition to enable us to carry on our attack. The major, at first, refused to have his hair powdered, as he thought it beneath him to proceed but in the openest manner. As Hennig however insisted, he at length yielded; put on his best uniform, with the yellow boots, bound round him his huffar pocket, and smoothed his whiskers—And now, said Hennig, you may attack boldly.

Hennig opened the door.—The major fetched a deep sigh; looked forwards with a woful countenance, and lifted his foot when Hennig cried Advance, but immediately drew it back again.—It is a foolish business, said the major muttering—What else can be the consequence but that the poor girl will say No?—She will say Yes, replied Hennig. But make haste—otherwise she will be going into the garden—March!

But

But is there no one with her, Hennig? Are you sure of that? And, d'ye hear, Hennig, will no one listen?

The young one is in the fields, replied Hennig—I told him not to return till dinner-time, otherwise he might have come upon you in flank.

I really do not know, Hennig, returned the major, what I shall say. I must first think for a quarter of an hour.

You must not think, said Hennig, but speak whatever comes uppermost.

The major stepped slowly over the threshold, and proceeded along the passage to Hannah's apartment. Hennig stood in the door, and cast a look of affection after him. The nearer the major approached the door, the more slowly he advanced. He had already bent his finger in order to knock; but, after a little reflection, he returned along the passage to Hennig, who continued making signals to him with his head and his hands.—But if she should say No? whispered the major. Though Hennig had

long laid aside the practice of swearing, he could not help on this occasion giving vent to an oath.—Hark ye, Hennig, said the major, sitting down on a chair, I wish I had first reconnoitred a little—not for my own sake, but for the sake of the good girl. We proceed with her as with an open enemy. If she observed a little of it before hand, she would have time to think; to put herself in a good position, and so forth. Besides, she might be frightened if I should make an incursion into her apartment as if into the territory of an enemy.

Ay, replied Hennig, she will observe it well enough if you only go to her. And Hannah always knows what to say, because she speaks the truth. Go, then; you are losing precious time!

Having both considered for about half an hour longer, the major stood up, and again sat down. When he had finally resolved to go, he heard Hannah's voice. She came tripping along the hall, passed the major's apartment, and went down the

steps into the garden to the labourers.— Did not I tell you? said Hennig—Now we can do nothing. In the afternoon the young one never quits her. A little ago, every thing might have gone on well; and yet you kept sitting there like the image of misery.

I will rather do it to-morrow, Hennig, replied the major, and I'll tell you why. At present I have only the half of my mother's trinkets—my sister-in-law has got the other. I am vexed that I suffered myself to be wheedled out of the best. I could now find use for them. She will not look at the present; that I well know. But it is, however, better—I can begin with these, and so one word will produce another. She must ask, you know, why I give her them.—The major now brought out the trinkets, and Hennig cleaned them as well as he could with the utmost speed. At this moment Hannah came to say something to the major, and was not a little surprised to find him in his best uniform.

H 2

Hennig

Hennig laid the jewels on the table; left the apartment, that she and the major might be alone; and placed himself at the distance of three or four paces from the door, that he might not hear.

The major blushed every time he looked at Hannah, and had not courage to speak. When Hannah came out, a few minutes after, Hennig stared her in the face with a look of wistful curiosity. He thought he observed in it an air of indifference; muttered with much indignation, The devil take her! and rushed into the parlour to his master.

Hannah shook her head, and began to think with herself, What can these two mean? The major in his best uniform, and powdered for the first time since she had been in the house; his blushing at table the evening before; Hennig's winking and afterwards retiring; and then the cleaning of the rings and bracelets—all these to Hannah seemed very strange. At dinner the major appeared with ruffles,
and

and shaved exceedingly clean: During the time he was at table he frequently blushed; and Hennig still kept laughing and nodding to him. After dinner the child told his dear miss Hannah, that Hennig had forbidden him to go into the parlour that forenoon. When Hannah combined all these circumstances, together with the major's singular uneasiness for a few weeks before, she was naturally led to the idea that he had some design or other upon her. For this reason, she was under great agitation, and her mind became so confused, that she scarcely knew what she should do. In the afternoon she went purposely out of the way both of the major and of Hennig; dressed herself next morning very speedily; slipped down the steps unperceived, and took a long walk into the fields.

The major could not avoid hearing Hennig the evening before express his discontent, because his master had suffered the favourable moment to escape without taking advantage of it; but to-day he pro-

mised to be a little bolder. He, therefore, dressed himself very early; went along the passage with a quick pace; offered up a short ejaculation, and knocked briskly at Hannah's door. As no one answered, he knocked again and again. At length he opened the door, and found the chamber empty. He now walked back slowly, shaking his head, and said to Hennig, Things are not as they ought to be! I am crossed by every misfortune possible!

What misfortune? replied Hennig—You are fortunate, I say—You have every good fortune possible.—She is not in her chamber. Every day formerly she used to sing, to read, or to sew till ten o'clock.—Haha! ma'm'sell Hannah! Don't you see, major, that you have already conquered her? Last evening she always blushed at table when you blushed; and trembled so that she could scarcely reach you your plate—And to-day she runs out of the way.

Do you call that conquering, Hennig, when she trembles and runs away? Did not

I tell

I tell you she would not? Yes—you see it yourself; she is afraid of saying No to me; and therefore she has gone out of the way—why else?

Well, but you do not tremble, and you are bold enough to go to her! I have been obliged to persuade you, as a father persuades a son, that you should go the short way to work. But you may do as you please, and I will do as I please!—With these words Hennig quitted the apartment, and walked off, though the major called after him repeatedly with a loud voice to remain.

When Hannah returned from her excursion, Hennig went up to her very gravely, and said, Ma'm'sell Hannah, you must go immediately to the major; he has something to say to you. This address brought Hannah into another difficulty. The major, she thought, would not speak in that manner if his views were directed to her; and yet—to whom else could they be directed?

Do you not know, Hennig, what the major wants with me? asked she, a little confused, and slowly mounted the steps with him.

What he pleases, replied Hennig. My worthy, dear, brave master!—O! ma'm'sell Hannah, if I only knew that you love the major but half as much as he loves you! My dear ma'm'sell, give him a kind answer, I beg of you—You once saved his life, now make his life worth preserving—In one word, he wishes to pay his addressee to you.

My God! Hennig, it is impossible then that I can go to him! impossible! Your master didn't give you such orders, Hennig?

Now, on my account, go to your apartment, and don't run away as before! Your master then shall go to you, as is proper; for he must not sit there any longer fighting and pining himself to death—that he sh'an't—God knows—not an hour longer! He is

too good.—And, dear ma'm'sell, if you have a kind heart towards him, which God grant, don't keep him long in suspense before you give him a favourable answer—You will be truly a happy wife.

Hennig now went to the major, and told him briefly: Ma'm'sell Hannah is at home, look ye, and waits for you, major—and may God be with you!—He then led the astonished major along the passage, and knocked at Hannah's door. The major entered, and found Hannah in tears. This sight gave him, at first, great uneasiness; but he soon resumed his courage. Dear, worthy girl, said the major, laying hold of her hand, and wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, no—you sha'n't cry—no eye was ever wet on my account but for joy—yours shall not be the first to bedew me with the tears of sorrow—No, dear child—I have no idea of force, God knows—If I could, I would not even attempt to persuade you. I'll give up all my hopes, look ye. Such a charming, agreeable young woman as you, may indeed wonder that a

man at my years, and of my appearance, should aspire to your hand. Had it not been for my old Hennig, I should have endured it; and you would have known only with my last breath how much the old major loved you. Dry up your pretty, affectionate eyes, dear child—You sha'n't be injured; and don't despise me because I love you.

Hannah still cried more—The tears started in the major's eyes, and he attempted to leave the apartment. Hannah laid hold of him, and fetched a deep sigh to recover her breath. Dear major, said she at length, in a soft tone, do you know for a certainty that we shall be happy?

Dear child, replied the major, that is not a pretty question, when a man whose heart is so honest as mine pays his addresses to you.

Dear major, have you considered every thing? Have you thought of your relations? on little Hennig? on your will?

On all, dear child—I did not go to work without judgment. I and Hennig considered

dered the matter over for a whole night, and I myself, for a whole month before, alone. Don't give yourself any trouble on that account. No one, dear child, can command your inclination, and you must follow your own heart. Don't be uneasy—you sh'an't cry any more.

Then, major, I will follow my own inclination. I never can give my hand to a worthier man, nor to a man whom I love more than you. Yes, dear major, I am yours, and I am yours with undivided affection. She then stretched out her hand to him with a look of tenderness.

This came so unexpectedly on the major, that he stood as if struck dumb. His countenance first became pale, then red as fire, and his hand trembled. Hannah conducted him to a chair. Is it so? said he at last, pressing her hand to his lips—Have I understood you right?—Gracious God! I mean, that you are willing to be my wife—Did you mean that?

H 6

Yes—

Yes—I will be your wife, because I love you with my whole soul—I will endeavour to make you happy, and to be happy myself in your arms.—In my arms, dear girl? cried the major, pressing her to his heart—Is it true? Hannah threw her arms around his neck, and both held each other in close embrace.

Hennig, who all this time had been listening, now thrust his head in at the door with great caution; but when he saw the major and Hannah embracing each other, he rushed forwards, and, having kissed Hannah's hand, exclaimed, God be praised! my worthy lady majorefs! God be praised! my dear, fortunate major!—The old man now danced for joy; tossed up his cap, and indulged in a thousand follies of the like kind. He then suddenly disappeared, and, returning soon after with a casket of jewels, put it into the major's hand. The major looked at it, and said, with a smile, Put that in its place again, Hennig.

Both

Both Hannah and I have jewels here, pointing to the tears in his eyes, which are of more value than all those toys. I was afraid, Hennig, and for that reason I was a child; but now I am major Halden. Hannah will accept of these when we have nothing farther to say. Take them quietly away again. I wish I were here in my undress. Hennig and I, my dear, noble girl, old as we are, were both children. Did I not put on my best uniform, look ye, and strew powder over my hair as if I wished to blind you? God be praised that it has turned out so! You did not observe all this parade; and, when you freely gave me your hand, I imagined I was transported to heaven, and standing in the midst of the holy angels, surrounded by rays of light. Take that trifle away, Hennig!

Hannah laughed; but they soon proceeded to a serious deliberation respecting the major's will. The plan proposed by his old favourite appeared to Hannah a little too romantic; but as the major, through delicacy,

delicacy, made no mention of his expected children, she passed over the difficulties with a smile. These, indeed, she did not find very formidable ; but her thoughts respecting what the major's sister-in-law would say of the marriage, gave her much more pain. That, however, the major passed over with a smile ; and thus, at length, no more difficulties appeared in the whole affair.

Hennig, in the mean time, went below, and could not contain his joy. In half an hour the family knew, and in an hour the whole village knew, that miss Riesen and the major were bride and bridegroom. As soon as miss Hannah appeared below, all the domestics fixed their eyes on her with looks of friendship ; and the house-keeper even wished her joy. Hannah now requested the major to ride over to Moorberg, that the news might not be first carried thither by any other person.

In an hour he was mounted with old Hennig, and rode forwards to Moorberg, reflecting with himself by the way on his
good

good fortune. As soon as he discovered, from an eminence, the turret of the castle, he exclaimed, We are already there, Hennig! How the time has passed! I wonder what my sister-in-law will say. But he did not utter a single word more till he reached the place. He, however, turned over in his mind, with more attention, the questions that might be put to him, and found that the answers he had to return were exceedingly vague. On every side he saw nothing but difficulties. Hark ye, said he at last to Hennig, quite in a flurry, I feel just as if I were about to ride through hell. The Devil! Must one deliberate a whole year upon a thing so simple? I do not know how those begin who are always guilty of follies.

Hem, replied Hennig; they repair one folly by another.

I would give gold, and that not a little, if I could do the same. Do you take notice—my sister-in-law will fall upon me like a fury; and what is worst of all, I shall
not

not be able to answer a word but what might be said by any vagabond. I could indeed refer to a clause in the deed which has this proviso : “ If the major shall not marry, or shall have no children ;” but at that time I promised to my brother not to marry. If I tell her that Hennig, look ye, is and shall remain heir to the estate, she will not believe me ; and I cannot take it amiss ; for she has a right to reply, He that lies once will lie again—And what shall I answer then ?

What you please, replied Hennig. Your sister-in-law will not be satisfied ; for did you ever find her so before ? But you must not suffer yourself to be cajoled to do any thing to the prejudice of the young one. I will never agree to it—that I plainly tell you.

Having thus approached Moorberg, the major, contrary to his usual custom, rode slowly over the draw-bridge, and said not a word respecting the Grecian females on the gate.

But,

But, what must the major have thought, had he known with what hopes his sister-in-law had been flattering herself for some weeks ! Among the domestics at Sollingen she had a spy, who privately told her that the major was ill ; that he rode out no more as usual ; that he never quitted his apartment ; and that he sat at table without eating, and without speaking a single word ; that Hennig and miss Hannah were in the greatest grief, and that the old man would not have the advice of a physician. All this was strictly true ; but it was owing to her hopes, and not to any fault of the relater, that Mrs. Halden told all her acquaintance with a lamentable tone, while her eyes seemed to express a kind of anxious uneasiness : My brother-in-law at Sollingen is ill—He has lost his appetite, and never speaks. My God ! how the fatigues of war can waste the strongest constitutions ! He will drop with the fall of the leaf in autumn —At the major's death, Sollingen would come into her hands during Hennig's minority ;

minority ; and, in that case, no one could have taken from her the income of that estate for ten years. She so firmly believed this hope would be soon realised, that her husband no longer ventured to say what he thought : My brother will out live us all. A few weeks before, he had uttered something of this kind ; but Mrs. Halden replied, while her face became as red as scarlet : Don't talk so foolishly—I tell you, he will not live through the harvest ; and I'll have all the furniture brought hither, and will not leave a single pennyworth at the old castle—It may fall to ruins for what I care. If Hennig wishes to live there, he may rebuild it when he comes of age. The child, besides this, will inherit more than his brother—More, my dear ? replied Mr. Halden—how can you talk so ? You know, even to a farthing, what Moorberg and what Sollingen produces.—Mrs. Halden here fell into a passion ; and her husband held his tongue as he had been accustomed.

Mrs.

Mrs. Halden was standing at the window, when, all of a sudden, the man whom she imagined to be lying on his death-bed rode into the court quite sound and hearty. Terrified at this sight, she turned to her husband, and exclaimed, almost crying through vexation: Here is your brother!—May God forgive my sins!—He will soon bring me to my grave!—wretched woman!

My dear, replied the chamberlain, what in the world has he done to you?

Done!—Go and meet him—He is coming up the steps. I cannot see him.

At that moment the major entered the parlour, not with his usual alacrity, but thoughtful, and coughing to conceal his uneasiness. Mrs. Halden remained in the apartment, and her first question was: Dear brother, how do you find yourself? The major replied with a few hems; shook his head; placed himself on a chair; cast his eyes downwards, and assumed a dismal look. He did not know in what manner

to

to begin, and therefore wished to introduce the affair in a circuitous manner: I have been considering the stone quarry, sister, said he; it lies at too great a distance from me, and is more convenient for you. I know you have long wished to get it; and as Charles's birth-day is approaching, I will give it him as a present.

All the wrinkles now disappeared from Mrs. Halden's countenance; her eyes brightened up, and her mouth was composed into a smile. How good you are, brother! replied she. You never belie your disposition—You must always give!

Give! Most readily, sister—I would give any thing, if I knew that you would participate in my happiness.

I would participate? My dear brother, only ask my husband how anxiously I have enquired after your health.

Ay, but I have not been ill, sister, said the major, stroking his face—mine was a particular case, look ye. Now I think you will participate when I tell you that I have been

been extremely fortunate. Old sinner as I am, look ye, I have suffered myself to be made a bridegroom.—As good luck would have it, the major fixed his eyes on the floor, else he would have discovered by the ghastly paleness of his sister-in-law, how much she participated in his good fortune.—But neither Hennig, added he immediately, nor the rest of your children shall suffer by it. Every thing will remain as before.

These were words of comfort to Mrs. Halden; but her husband reduced the major to a very great dilemma, by immediately asking: How is that possible, brother, if you yourself have children? Tell me, I pray, how is it possible?

How is it possible? returned the major. Hark ye, brother chamberlain, have you ever found me break my word?

O yes! replied his sister-in-law, with some warmth, a fine speech, truly! Did you not promise, on your word and honour, that you would never marry?

I did

I did—I confess my sin; but that was contrary to God's command, look ye.

And you will say, also, that it is contrary to God's command to cast off your own children, that your brother's may inherit.

Cast them off? Who talks of that? I would not cast off a dog. But if I should have ten children, none of them shall suffer want; and Hennig shall inherit Sollingen.

Charles, at this moment, entering the room, his mother flew towards him, and, embracing him, said, whilst she bedewed him with tears: Gracious God! Poor child! Unfortunate child! What will become of thee? Thine own uncle makes thee unfortunate!

All the devils in hell, sister! exclaimed the major. God forgive me! I tremble in every limb, brother, look ye, through vexation. How? I make the young one unfortunate? The boy, as I shall answer to God, will be richer than I, even if he shares with his brother. Do you imagine then
that

that I don't know what your object and aim here is?—I must not marry, forsooth, in order to gratify the young one's greediness and avarice—And—God forgive me—but it is the truth!—and the mother is breeding up the child to nothing else. Here you sit the whole day grinding the faces of your servants and your tenants, and hear of the distresses occasioned by storms, bad crops, the dying of cattle, and by fires, without giving yourself any uneasiness concerning them. The blessings which God bestows you convert into open curses; you can hear the cries of the hungry around your damned money-bags, without feeling a moment's pain; and all this because the young one, who to-morrow may be stretched out upon straw, must be styled his excellency!—This was the reason—I know it well—why Hennig was a thorn in your side. Merciful God! The mother therefore belied - - - Here the major fell furiously on the boy, exclaiming: Go to thy
own

own apartment, young one! You have nothing to do here!

The boy ran out at the door, and the major suffered his passion to subside a little. The devil! cried he, I did not observe the young one—God forgive me! A child should not be acquainted with the guilt of his parents. But it is true—that I'll maintain—and were I the living God! poor worm that I am! I would draw my sword and give you such a fright, that you would soon abandon your avarice and your rapacity. It was for this reason that I ought not to think of a wife! For this reason it was said that my passion would make any woman unhappy!—Now I know better. Here I am passionate—here—With my own bride, God be praised, I am as quiet as a lamb; and with every child of misfortune also. Yes, you could pray for my death; you was never off your knees; you placed your money-bag before you; caused your cushion to be embroidered with gold; and
had

had your arms displayed on it to let God almighty know that people of family were kneeling before him. Do you think that such things can prosper? No truly, or there cannot be a God in heaven! The child will become a proud conceited fool, with his hair in a bag, and his stone shoe-buckles! A curse for his tenants! That he will! And when we shall stand naked and uncovered before the judgment seat of God; when there will be no respect paid to chamberlains' keys, titles of nobility, or extent of possessions, but to good works; and when those tenants, whom God assigned over to him as to a steward to dispense his blessings, shall call for vengeance against him——No——may God prevent that from being true! He is my worthy father's grandson.—My dear brother Toffel, if the Father of mercies, who cannot suffer the poor to be destitute of assistance, only looked down here, and saw how you waste your time in stuffing birds! how you undermine Moorberg! how you blind

finches, which the irrational heathens punished with death, as little Hennig was reading not long ago—Gracious God! what would the Father of mercies say to all this!

Here the major lowered his tone entirely. The thoughts of his father reconciled him again to his brother and nephew. I beg of you, dear brother, continued he, squeezing him by the hand, to believe that I sincerely mean every thing for your good; and, as I have already said, Hennig shall get Solingen. That is settled as secure as the earth, even if I should have as many children as there are days in the year.

This assertion filled Mrs. Halden with astonishment. After such a storm she expected, at least, that the major would have set aside the whole agreement—and yet he wished to let it remain untouched. Things might now be as they would—Hennig was to have at least a child's portion; and she had it in her power to take an equivalent from what should be left him by his father, and to give it to her beloved Charles.

On

On this account, when the major lowered his tone, she began to touch a softer key also. My God! brother Fred, said she, must you thus break loose on a poor ailing mother, who says perhaps a little too much through tenderness for her children?—It is so natural for a mother to be anxious respecting the welfare of her children!

This speech might have given occasion to a new harangue from the major; but the words “ailing mother” had already disarmed him. Ailing! said he in a compassionate tone. Pray forgive me—I did not know it. I now see that your face is quite yellow. What is the matter with you?

In a word, good humour began to return. And who is your intended, brother? said at length his sister-in-law. Ma'm'-fell Riesen, replied the major; the same girl that saved my life in Bohemia; a pretty, worthy, sensible, young woman, who, truly, is ten times as good as I am. Mrs. Halden grew pale once more. The daughter

of a plebeian! and a poor girl besides!— She now saw her Charles again deprived of one half of his property; for how should this female beggar, thought she, ever entertain the idea of allowing a stranger to inherit along with her? A plain girl—a house-keeper—a servant-maid (for she had never considered miss Riesen as any thing else) would now be styled Mrs. Halden, as well as herself, and might even dare to call her sister! Her blood boiled in every vein; her lips turned blue and quivered through her excessive eagerness to speak. She, however, held her tongue, because she knew her brother-in-law's principles on this point too well to be able to hope to dissuade him from his purpose; and, indeed, the major never so much as dreamed that the plebeian descent of his bride would throw any obstacle in the way. At the same time it struck Mrs. Halden that this girl, in order to become a lady, would consent to every thing that might be settled in favour of Hennig; and that her children,

as half plebeians, would be much more modest in their pretensions to the inheritance than children of better birth.

To be silent entirely was, however, impossible. Is it your house-maid, then? asked she with a wagging air.

God bless me! said the major warmly, she has had nothing to do with the service of the house. He then entered into a long panegyric on Hannah; spoke of her affection for Hennig, and of her modesty; and related the manner in which he fell in love; how he paid his addresses, and how much afraid he had been lest she should reject his proposal.

Your fear was superfluous, said Mrs. Halden with a smile of contempt.

The major did not understand his sister-in-law, and replied only: It was—I now well know; but who could have supposed that such a good, pretty girl would find any thing agreeable in me?

Mrs. Halden again made the major promise that Hennig should not suffer by the

marriage. She thought of nothing but a child's portion for the boy ; and the major might, therefore, have obtained more than he wished. Having asked his sister-in-law to the wedding, she accepted his invitation ; and was so polite as to say : To-morrow I will pay you a visit at Sollingen : I must be acquainted with your bride.

The major was highly delighted ; kissed his sister-in-law ; went laughing down the steps, and said, as he mounted his horse : Hennig, she is more prudent and better pleased than I thought. He then rode off on a full trot over the draw-bridge to Sollingen, in order that he might quiet Hannah's mind the sooner.

In a few days Mrs. Halden actually paid a visit to the major, as she had promised ; and it was visible by her behaviour, her air, and the elegance of her dress, that she wished to make as much parade as possible. Agreeably to her character, she had imagined that Hannah would be highly ornamented ; but the latter appeared in the simplest

simplest undress. Such fear and timidity, as Mrs. Halden called this modesty, gave her hopes that she would find the less difficulty in the execution of her plan. She conversed, therefore, with Hannah in a very stiff yet polite manner; but she had been mistaken in regard to this young woman's disposition, and in a little time was obliged to give up one half of her expectations. Hannah was civil without cringeing; and she replied with affability, but at the same time without any bashfulness, to every thing that Mrs. Halden advised her to do: It shall not be forgotten. I am perfectly satisfied with the present establishment in my house; and I hope that every thing will go on as formerly.—With however much softness and modesty these words were uttered, they gave offence to Mrs. Halden; but the terrible major was present, and she was therefore obliged to be silent.

Mrs. Halden embraced the first opportunity when alone with her intended sister-in-law, of turning the conversation to Hen-

nig and the will. Hannah observed calmly: On that subject I have nothing to say; it rests with the major; but it will not be forgotten. I, however, assure you, that you cannot have a greater affection for the child than I have.

Mrs. Halden returned without obtaining any more satisfaction respecting the business than what she had received already. When she got home, she gave vent to her spleen in a torrent of the most violent abuse against miss Hannah, who was neither sensible of the honour of becoming the wife of a gentleman, nor seemed timid enough to suffer herself to be governed by her. All the sacrifices she had made were of no avail. What was to be expected from a girl who had not so much as cast a look at her brilliant rings; who approached her without the least embarrassment; and whose ambiguous answer to every thing was: It shall not be forgotten? She repented a thousand times that she had not made the beggar-wench feel the full weight of her
offended

offended pride, as her whole plan seemed now to be entirely defeated. Hannah and old Hennig, as she remarked, had great confidence in each other; and what else could she expect from both, than that they would endeavour to gain over the major in order to deprive her family of his property? Her hatred towards them and the major became extremely inveterate. I wish, said she with bitter vexation, I had not condescended to visit that beggar-wench! How she will triumph! and how the rude old groom will laugh and exult over me!

She had seen that her son was attached to Hannah with sincere affection, and this affection—towards his bitterest enemy as she believed—destroyed in her heart the last remains of parental love for the boy. She now hated him as much as she did the rest of the family at Sollingen, who wounded so severely her two chief springs of action, pride and avarice. She saw herself almost with certainty deprived of the major's property; and would gladly have come to an

open rupture with him, had she not been checked by the hope that he might perhaps remain childless.

She was not present at the wedding because she was indisposed. The major's lady soon after paid her a visit; and was received in so openly cool a manner, that the major whistled the Dessau march ten times over, and thanked God when he had again got into the carriage with his wife. They sha'n't soon see me here again, muttered he to himself. And indeed he kept his word. He seldom afterwards rode over to Moorberg; and when he did he staid only a few hours.

A great change now took place in the education of little Hennig; for by Hannah's advice he was placed under the care of a tutor. When the tutor arrived, the whole family received with the utmost respect the person to whom the darling boy was to be entrusted. The major embraced him in his usual affectionate manner; and his lady presented her hand to him, and
promised

promised him her friendship. No tutor could begin his employment under more favourable auspices. The major and Hannah were often present while he was giving his lessons: both therefore treated him with the sincerest esteem, and behaved to him as a friend. The young man thanked his good genius, which had conducted him to such a family, where all his wishes were anticipated. A riding-horse was kept for his use alone. Besides, the major made him considerable presents in the most delicate manner, and assured him, without being solicited, that he should have the valuable living of Solingen after the decease of the old parson.

The tutor believed that he was become necessary to the major, because the major was so fond of being in his company. He often hinted that he could continue to give instruction to the boy even when he should obtain the living; and the major was of the same opinion. At length, the young man expressed a wish, as the parson seemed to live too long, that he might be appointed

his assistant and successor. The major had no objection, and promised to talk to the parson on the subject. The old man, however, was alarmed at the proposal; he thought an assistant, like a will, was the forerunner of a speedy dissolution; and he earnestly begged the major to suffer him to live out, free from care, the few remaining days which providence might still add to his life. The major therefore immediately gave up all idea of this plan, and said to the tutor: The old man is superstitious on the point; but each of us has his weak side, and we are taught to pray: Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive—and so on. In a word, the old man refuses.

But the old man, major, cannot refuse, if you command him. You are patron.

That is very true, returned the major; but, hark ye, it would render the old man's last days unhappy.

What is that to us, major, continued the tutor, when he is so superstitious?

The major stared at him with a look of disap-

disapprobation; but he checked his feelings because he entertained a good opinion of the young man. He, however, said: But what can be done if the old man will not consent?

You need only report to the consistor, that he is incapable of performing his duty.

The devil! answered the major: that would be telling a falsehood! and perhaps the old man might die through vexation!

How die, major? He would retain his salary as parson—and, besides, the old man has lived long enough.

The major's countenance became as red as fire. He laid hold of little Hennig by the shoulders, and, in an angry tone, cried out: Go to your aunt, young one! then turning to the tutor, said, with a very stern look: We here are people, sir, who respect decency. Permit me then to tell you, that a man who could think of embittering the last days of old age is not fit to be tutor to my nephew. What the devil! I must tell a lie to do an injury to an old man who
never

never offended any body?—Sir, had you not been preceptor to the young one, by my soul! I would frighten you so - - - ! Here the major ran to the window, and, calling one of the servants, said: Put the horses to the carriage! Pack up your baggage, added he, turning to the tutor, and march! You may be an assistant to the devil, or to my - - - - sister-in-law, he meant to say, though he suppressed the word - - - - but not to a respectable man!

After making this speech, the major left the room, counted out some money, and sent it to the tutor. No, said he to old Hennig, who wished to intercede for him, he must go this afternoon; and if the young one should never learn to write his own name, he shall not be his instructor. There is no use for writing in heaven, Hennig—It is only justice and honesty that will be of service there!

The major, according to his usual custom, said not a word more on the subject.

It was a trifling quarrel, replied he when
any

any one introduced it, and the young man would not stay. This account given by the major was believed, because the tutor spread abroad the same story in the neighbourhood, where he still continued some time; but he added: The boy is a block-head, and quite unmanageable. The major is a madman, and his groom rules the whole house. His lady would have been exceedingly happy, could I have been prevailed on to stay. Her husband is in years, and - - - she made me many presents.

A report to this purpose soon reached Moorberg. The chamberlain's lady, when she heard it, clapped her hands together as if pitying the condition of her brother-in-law, and, with a deep sigh, related in how dissipated a manner her sister-in-law lived, and how much her son would be corrupted in such a detestable family. But why do you not take your son back? said those to whom she complained. How can I? answered she, shrugging up her shoulders: my hands are tied by a family arrangement.

Besides,

Besides, could I bring such a vicious boy into my house? Would not both my other two children be infected by the little profligate? Such was the language made use of by Mrs. Halden, and her calumny was believed. The major procured two other tutors in succession; but in the course of a month they were both discharged, and spread abroad the most strange reports concerning his family and manner of life.

The major himself was exceedingly vexed at this eternal change of tutors. He heard also something of the report circulated in the neighbourhood; and it had such an effect upon him, that he would often ride out alone, for the purpose of giving vent to his melancholy. In one of these solitary excursions through a wood, he fell in with a man whose singular appearance attracted his attention. He was sitting on the ground, at the bottom of a beech-tree, eating a crust of bread, which he shared bit by bit with his dog. His dress betrayed the utmost poverty; but his countenance

tenance exhibited every symptom of cheerfulness. The major saluted him as he rode past, and the man pulled off his hat. Do you see? said he to his dog, laughing and caressing him. What should the dog see? asked the major, whose curiosity was much excited by the man's happy looks. The stranger laughed. Ay, said the man in a humorous tone, I wished to make the dog take notice of your civility. It is so uncommon for a well-dressed person on horseback, and an officer besides, to lift his cap or hat to a tattered foot-passenger like me.

Who are you then? said the major to the man, looking at him attentively.

A child of fortune.

A child of fortune? You mistake, without doubt, for your coat seems to speak otherwise.

My coat is in the right, sir. But as I can joke in this coat, the only one I have, it is of as much value to me as a new one, even if it had a star upon it.

If what you say does not proceed from a
disordered

disordered mind, you are in the right, countryman.

A disordered mind, or a light mind, is sometimes a gift from God, at least for children of fortune belonging to my cast. My fate once hung heavy on my mind like lead; but care now passes through it as the wind does through my coat; and if that be a fault, it makes up for a great deal of misfortune.

But whence did you come, and whither are you going?

That question is difficult to be answered, sir. I came from my cradle; and I am now going straight forwards to my grave. With these two stages of my life I am acquainted. In a word, I am endeavouring to soften my fate; but I must have in me something very engaging, for my dog and my destiny remain faithful to me; and my shadow also—but, like a false friend, only when the sun smiles. You shake your head, sir, as if you meant to say that I have made choice of bad company. I thought
so

so at first; but there is nothing so bad as not to be useful sometimes. My destiny has made me humble, and taught me what I did not before know, that one cannot unhinge the world. My dog has taught me that there is still love and fidelity in it; and - - - - You cannot imagine what fine things one can talk with and respecting one's shadow!

Respecting one's shadow? That I do not comprehend.

You shall hear, sir—At sun-rise in the morning, when I am walking behind my long towering shadow, what conversation I hold with it on philosophical subjects! Look, say I, dear shadow, art thou not like a youth to whom, when the sun of life is rising, the earth seems too small? Just when I lift a leg thou liftest another, as if thou wouldest step over ten acres at once; and yet, when thou puttest down thy leg, thy step is scarcely a span long. So fares it with the youth. He seems as if he would destroy or create a world; and yet,

yet, in the end, he does none of those things which might have been expected from his discourse. Let the sun now rise higher, and thou wilt become smaller, as the youth boasts less the older he grows. Thus I compare, you see, the morning, noon, and evening shadow with a hundred things; and the longer we walk together the better we get acquainted. At present I can forego many things which I formerly considered as indispensable necessities. The shadow is my watch and my pedometer—and sometimes my servant, and sometimes my footman. It is only a pity that a man cannot exist in his shadow as his shadow exists in him.

Well, and what do you say in the evening to your shadow?

In the evening? A man's shadow then is very a serious thing—the best moralist—a real hour-glass—a true *Memento mori*. When the shadow runs forward before one, still becoming longer and less visible, as if already hiding its head in the darkness of eternity,

eternity, while behind one is the setting sun, and before one a rising star—the shadow then seems to say, Thou art on the brink of eternity ; thy sun is going down : but lose not courage ; like me, thou wilt become always greater ; and before thee is already suspended a better star, the first ray of eternity beyond the grave.

With these words the man became serious, and the major also. Both looked at each other in silence for a few seconds, though with calmness and tranquillity. But how has it happened, said the major, that you now wander about through the world with your dog and your shadow ? Methinks, countryman, you was destined for something better.

Man is always destined for something better, replied the stranger, than he, in the end, really is. Or, do you believe that you could not be better than you are ? - - - - - Destined to something better ! You do not know how good or bad my situation may be. If you indeed meant to a better coat
or

or a better dinner, I allow you are right : though whole nations exist on the earth, and are fortunate, who would envy me this coat and this crust of bread. I am a man of letters, sir. Here the major immediately pulled off his cap. But as I had not prudence equal to my learning, or rather possessed too little of the qualities of the flatterer, you now find me here in this coat. You might as easily have found me in a carriage ; and I do not comprehend why that was not the case ; for very little was wanting to have brought matters that length. You look, sir, as if you were interested in the events of my life. They may be related in a few words. I have applied to study, and I flatter myself not without success. There is one thing, however, which I never learned ; and that is, to jest and to be serious at proper seasons. If I beheld an act of villainy, it was impossible for me to laugh, had it been committed even by a president. Sometimes again when those great people in whose hands
my

my fortune was deposited appeared as serious as if the welfare of the world depended upon them, and began to talk of their mighty inventions, a word amended, a reading corrected in an old book, or any thing of the like kind, I instantly thought of my shadow, and could not help laughing. Notwithstanding my laughter I might have obtained a place : but I should then have been obliged to marry some girl I did not love ; to deny some principle which I considered as true, or to flatter some lady unworthy of my notice. At that time I was like my morning shadow. I imagined I should never be in want, and that I could overleap every obstacle. My hopes were disappointed. I have nothing left but this flute here he took one from his pocket) and this dog, whom I bred up to be my friend. I was a player, and almost lost my morals in the theatre, which ought to be a temple of morality. I then established a school; but I was soon obliged to abandon it,

it, as the parents wished that I should make their children blockheads. I now endeavour to get my livelihood God knows how! sometimes as a player on the oboe; sometimes as a fencing or dancing master; and when nothing else will do, even as a thresher. I have two hands, and am ashamed of nothing but cheating or begging, neither of which with me would succeed.

Hem! said the major, you must, in the first place, go along with me, countryman. Winter is coming on, and I will, at least, give you some warmer clothing; for, if you are not more fortunate than at present, you may stroll about long enough without being much richer.

With whom, asked the man, again taking off his hat, with whom have I had the honour of conversing? The major told him his name—But the only thing, major, returned the stranger, that I will not be is a soldier. You know the reason why.

No—I do not know, said the major.

While performing my exercise I should not be allowed to talk to my shadow, and that I must do. Therefore——

The major took the stranger by the hand, and Mr. Seibold, for that was his name, walked along with him, by the side of his horse, to Sollingen. Both of them by the way were sunk in deep meditation; the major considering whether this man might not be employed as tutor to little Hennig, and Seibold wondering what the major meant to do with him.

The major had been already too unfortunate with tutors to come to an immediate resolution on the present occasion; he therefore suffered the whole house to remain in uncertainty respecting the destination of this joyous spirit whom he had brought along with him. When asked any questions on this head, he would say, Poor Seibold has been hunted down by bad fortune. I intend that he shall rest here for a fortnight, and then he may depart. But in the course of three days Seibold had so gained the af-

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fection of the whole family, that Hannah requested her husband to keep him a fortnight longer. Seibold assisted in every thing where he could be of use ; joked almost incessantly, and made every person in the house merry. He also instructed little Hennig, or rather rambled about with him, sometimes in the garden, sometimes in the fields ; and conversed with him on various subjects in a very instructive manner.

When the four weeks were expired, the major said, Dear Seibold, you are now clothed, and here is some money to assist you on your journey. With these words he laid a roll of gold upon the table. It is at your own choice what to do.

Major, said Seibold, if this be my discharge, I shall do what I must, and proceed on my way. But I wish you had any occasion for an honest, open-hearted man, I - - - -

Speak out, replied the major, I always have occasion for good men. Tell me what you wish, dear Seibold.

I wish

I wish to remain here ; but as something—under some denomination or other.

In God's name, what shall that denomination be ?

The friend and instructor of little Hennig ; and, if you will, your friend—the friend of the whole family.

The major agreed, and the bargain was concluded.

Seibold was a handsome, blooming young man, twenty-six years of age, possessed of great knowledge of various kinds ; fond of pleasure, volatile, extravagant, and yet, at certain moments, a visionary enthusiast who never saw the world as other men see it, and from whom the sight of a cradle or an open grave could call forth tears, as a thousand other things, which people in general consider as very serious, would make him burst out into a loud fit of laughter. He was naturally fond of company ; but, as we have already seen, on certain occasions he would give the preference to his own shadow. He was well acquaint-

ed with the world and with mankind ; but he did not know how to behave towards them. When he spoke or wrote concerning mankind, he always judged of them with propriety ; but when engaged in any transactions with them, he behaved just as if he had dropped from the moon. This he honestly confessed. My heart is too tender, too credulous, said he to Hannah. I always place too much confidence in those men with whom I have any thing to do, whatever my judgment may say to the contrary ; for I love every individual of mankind.

Hennig's head and heart were now committed to the care of this man, and certainly with great advantage to both. The boy visibly improved. His judgment, which hitherto had been uninformed, acquired, through Seibold, very clear ideas, and his heart the most delicate sensations in regard to right and wrong. Seibold's principle was, that one half of morality at least, must be entrusted to the heart ; for
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an aversion to folly, villainy, or vice, said he, is a better shield of virtue than the deepest reasoning on the baseness of it. The heart must rise superior to mean conduct, else man, at the best, will be only virtuous in words. Now the judgment serves to direct the conduct of man in such a manner that he may not be unjust when he wishes to be just.

According to this principle, Seibold endeavoured to excite in the boy's heart an ardent love of every thing good, noble and great, and, at the same time, the utmost, aversion to every thing base, wicked, and mean; and this he could not fail of doing, as the child was surrounded only by good men of all conditions, and of all degrees of cultivation. Little Hennig became noble-minded more by example than precept; though, at the same time, a little inconsiderate, forward and wild, because no one tyrannised over him, and he could freely indulge in all his own whims. He now rode the most un-

manageable horses, jumped over the widest ditches, climbed the highest trees, and by daily exercise obtained an astonishing power over his own body. Seibold taught him also to play the flute and the harp, and to sing, to dance, and to fence. By the last his figure and attitude were formed; and by music his heart and softer sensations were expanded. When in an affecting manner he accompanied his harp with his voice, no one could have imagined that there was the least wildness in his disposition. In a word, his education was in the best hands, and, as he was not yet corrupted, could not fail of making him a good and a worthy man.

Hannah had been two years married to the major, nor were there as yet any hopes of her becoming a mother. Her sister-in-law therefore again renewed the interrupted bonds of friendship; and in a little both the major and Hannah promised once more, in the most solemn manner, to adhere to their engagement respecting the inheritance.

heritance. Hannah rejoiced at the restoration of good intelligence with the Moorberg family, for she had remarked how much her husband was hurt by the misunderstanding between him and his brother. He sighed when the chamberlain's name was mentioned; often ascribed the cause of the enmity to himself and to the warmth of his temper; and said with anxiety, He is, however, my brother; and when my father died, his last words were, My dear children, live in concord. From pure love to the major Hannah overlooked the arrogance of her sister-in-law, and endured the oppressive haughtiness of her behaviour without ever losing patience.

She, however, now found herself pregnant; and the idea of soon being a mother made her exceedingly happy. She had no doubt that this good fortune would expose her husband to the bitterest hatred from her sister-in-law; but she never entertained the least idea of making the major recall his promise in favour of her child. She was

moderate in her wishes ; her husband, since his marriage, had saved considerable sums ; and if he should live only a few years longer, she was certain that such a fortune would be amassed as might be sufficient for maintaining herself and her child in a manner becoming their situation. But could she hope to convince her sister-in-law that her expectations were so humble ? She foresaw a new separation of the two families, by which her dear husband must greatly suffer on account of the delicacy of his feelings and his manner of thinking. But, after long consideration, she at length discovered a plan which would prevent this misfortune. She concealed her pregnancy from the whole world, even from her own husband ; pretended to be ill of a disorder which her complexion did not belie ; and could, therefore, for the most part, appear in an undress. She now persuaded her husband, who was under great uneasiness on her account, that the use of the baths would restore her health. She made
choice

choice of Pymont, prepared every thing necessary for her journey, arranged the family concerns, and set out with her husband. At her earnest request the major sent back his own horse at the end of the first day's stage, and discharged the servant who had accompanied them, after giving him a handsome present. The major gratified his wife in this request, which to him indeed appeared exceedingly strange, on account of her illness; and before another servant arrived she discovered to him that he would soon be a father.

The major's joy on this occasion can hardly be conceived. His countenance became pale and red in turns; he pulled off his cap, threw up the window, cast his eyes towards heaven with a look of gratitude, shed tears of joy, and kissed his wife's hand with as much respect as if he had been paying his addresses to her again. As soon as he became a little composed, Hannah explained to him the situation in which he stood with his sister-in-law, and

shewed him that the birth of her child would certainly occasion a separation between him and his brother. The major sighed, and acknowledged what she said to be true. Hannah then laid hold of his hand, pressed it to her heaving breast, and continued—Now, my dear Fred, we have resolved to resign Sollingen to little Hennig ; and this we can do without infringing on our parental duty ; for the capital increases enough every year to make our child comfortable and even wealthy. But your sister-in-law, my dear Fred, would never believe that we are capable of thinking and acting in that manner. I therefore concealed my pregnancy, however much I was grieved at not being able to make you participate in my joy. It was for this reason that I would not suffer Hennig to accompany us, notwithstanding your ardent wish to take him along with you. It was for this reason that the coachman was sent back to Sollingen, and the waiting-maid discharged. Now, my dear Fred, I will be-
come

come a mother here, or wherever else it may happen, without letting any person know. We will then return; leave the child to be brought after us; pretend that it is a stranger; and educate it, as is natural, with all the carefulness of good parents. In this we shall enjoy one advantage, which Seibold always calls the best grounds of education: the child will not know that it is born of a rich and respectable family.

The major shook his head, contracted his eye-brows, and found that to this plan there were many objections.—But what husband can refuse any thing to a beloved wife, who, for the first time, discovers to him that she is a mother? He was at last obliged to comply, and every thing farther necessary was agreed on and settled. They both went to Pymont for a few weeks, and then retired to a small town in the neighbourhood, where Hannah, under an assumed name, waited for the time of delivery, and where her husband was again obliged to discharge the servants he had

hired by the way. She at length became the mother of a little lively girl; and, notwithstanding her weakness, she whispered to her husband, Dear Fred, God has gratified my wishes; and, if it be his holy will, the child one day shall be Hennig's wife.

—The idea that his daughter and his beloved Hennig should enjoy Sollingen together, threw the major into a new fit of rapture; and he replied, while his eyes sparkled with pleasure, God will certainly suffer that to come to pass, Hannah, for it is something good—Yes—now I am happy.

The child was baptized, and committed to the care of a nurse. As soon as the major's lady could bear the open air, she set out from the village with the child and those who had been witnesses to the baptism. In another village the child, under a false name, was boarded for half a year together with its nurse, at the house of a very prudent woman, and the parents returned to Sollingen, where no one had the least suspicion of what had happened, and where

where the whole family rejoiced, with heart-felt satisfaction, to see the major's lady, after an absence of four months, again so well and so blooming.

In about half a year the major sent the nurse notice to bring the child to a neighbouring village, and, under some specious pretext, went thither with his wife to visit them. The nurse, after being handsomely rewarded, was instructed in the part she must now act; and was ordered to place herself in the high-road at a fixed time, when the carriage would pass that way. As the major returned, the nurse was standing with the child exactly in the spot agreed upon. The coach stopped; the major's lady stepped out, went up and spoke to the woman, so that the coachmen and servants heard her, shewed the child to her husband, enquired after its condition, expressed her pity at the concerted fiction, and, at length, offered to take the child with her and to give it education. The woman agreed, and received a present. The major's lady now took the child in her arms,

arms, placed herself again in the carriage, and proceeded homewards with great joy. A quarter of an hour after her arrival at Sollingen, the story of the child was spread over the whole village, and no one doubted the truth of it, as the humanity and benevolence of the family were so well known, and confirmed by innumerable instances. The major, however, had taken care that the nurse should immediately return to her native country Westphalia, lest by some accident the secret might be betrayed.

Hannah—for this was the name given to the child—was educated with the utmost tenderness, and the mother considered nothing of so much importance as to secure to her the affection of Hennig. He was allowed to carry the child about, to play with her, to feed her, and the like. The mother named her his little sweetheart; and when he had done any thing very good, she would say to him, Now Hannah will love you! This was not altogether agreeable to Seibold, who often exclaimed, You
are

are filling the child's head with notions which he may one day think proper to take in earnest. The major's lady replied laughing, If the child be good—and that I hope in God he will—he may do in that as he pleases. Continue your plan of education, in future, as if convinced that Hannah will be Hennig's wife : for my part, I shall not prevent it.

Mrs. Halden, in the mean time, was highly displeased at seeing this little girl educated in the house of her sister-in-law. My God ! said she to her husband, how your brother becomes a dupe to all these beggars ! He has married a girl who wandered about through the world a dozen of years, and who has been a chamber-maid, and God knows what ; a common fellow of a huffar he has made his bosom friend ; a beggar whom he picked up below a hedge, a good-for-nothing strolling player, he has made his tutor ; and now he has taken into his house from the street a little bastard, and educates it like a princess.

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His fine estate, which should one day be your son's, will in this manner be soon dissipated. And yet you take no notice of it! If he were once in his grave, I'll soon drive the beggars from the house! But so it goes at present! Does not Seibold engross the whole conversation at table, as if he were the first person in the house? And does not the man always address his discourse to me, though I never say a syllable to him? My tutor should not dare to behave in that manner! All this comes of not supporting one's dignity. Your late father was the cause of all this. He also did not care how familiar he was with the common people who were fed by his bounty.

But the common people loved my late father, replied the major. Loved him! said Mrs. Halden—They ought to honour us. Have we any occasion then for the love of common people? Don't we keep as good a house as the major? And see now whose domestics are best! That comes of love! Common people do not behave
well

well when their superiors treat them with too much kindness.

In this manner did Mrs. Halden shew her vexation, and give vent to her complaints; but the major made no alteration in his domestic arrangements. Seibold always addressed himself at table, with his singular questions, comparisons and ideas, to the lady chamberlain; the little girl was always with the major's lady in her apartment, and educated as her own child; old Hennig always put in his word, and the major never failed to follow his advice. Nothing, however, gave Mrs. Halden so much pain as little Hennig's excellent behaviour, which gained the affection of every person around him. By casting a look only at the two brothers when together, the effects of the mother's partiality might be readily discovered. Charles had a very decent deportment; but when his brother approached him, he appeared as lifeless and inanimate as a statue. Hennig stood with lively sparkling eyes, like the Pythian Apollo;

Apollo; and those who saw his cheerful smiling countenance, his rosy cheeks, his pretty mouth, and his innocent look, might have taken him for a young Cupid. Charles was not destitute of ability, and had some knowledge, perhaps better methodized than that of his brother. When they both spoke, Charles affected to appear the young man; but in Hennig no affectation of this kind could be observed, and sometimes he might be considered more childish than he really was. Hennig, however, at the last, always gained the victory. He abandoned himself to the fire by which he was animated; spoke with his eyes, hands and feet, in a word, with a passion which oftentimes seemed inspiration, and in a tone that appeared to be music. Charles spoke quick, but without life; in a sharp but feeble tone, with smooth but cold expressions, and at the same time he kept one hand in his bosom and the other in his waistcoat pocket.

Hennig, with his affecting tone, his lively eyes, his animated countenance, and his

his hands folded together, needed only to exclaim, My God ! to overcome a long oration of his brother. Charles cavilled with his brother, almost incessantly, when they were together. Hennig listened with patience, and gave way ; but if the former became too severe, he would lay hold of his brother's hand, laughing, and say : You always shake your head when I jump, or do any thing else of the like kind—Do you know, brother, when a good horse will always shake his head and his ears ? - - - - When he finds himself too weak to jump.—In a word, the two brothers did not love each other ; and were often engaged in very serious quarrels.

But Hennig was the more loved by his sister Emilia, however little she durst venture to let it be known. When an opportunity of doing so occurred, they both retired to some remote corner, and the young lady would then fall upon her brother's neck with the tenderest sensations. Hitherto he had been ignorant of his mother's aversion to him, because

because the major and the whole family had concealed it from him with the utmost care ; but Emilia now told him, with childish confidence, that mamma could not endure him, and that, at home, she was always ridiculing him as well as his uncle, his aunt, and every person at Sollingen.

Hennig tore himself from Emilia's arms ; mused a little with a clouded eye ; called to mind the unfriendly looks, the incessant reproaches of his mother, and soon found that it must be so as he had just heard from his sister. Emilia, asked he in a melancholy tone, do you know why my mother cannot endure me ?

I do not know, replied Emilia. I believe it is because you built houses when you was a child, or because you live with your uncle, or because - - - Stop, I will think a little, Hennig. She once told it—I paid great attention, because I love you ; but I do not remember it properly—Now, it is just come into my mind. Mamma said it was because she bore you—No—I
must

must not have heard distinctly; for my governess says, that all children must be borne by their mothers. And mamma bore Charles also, and yet she is so good - - - - as good as I am to you. No, my dear Hennig, do not cry! Think that I am your mamma—I will love you so much the more.

Hennig shook his head, and said with a melancholy air: A hawk is a blood-thirsty bird, but still it loves its young. I only wish to know what I have done to mamma: Emmy, continued he, sobbing, when you have children, you will not treat them with neglect.

Emilia endeavoured to console her brother, and replied: Mamma does not love me half so much as she does Charles, because I love my governess, and cry when she scolds you, and because I sometimes play with the steward's Christina. I am told I ought not to do so, because I am a lady! Alas! I have often wished that I were only a country girl.

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The reader may naturally conceive with what attachment the hearts of these two children, oppressed by the unnatural behaviour of the mother, must have been united after this conversation.

The boy, when his mother departed, went immediately to his uncle, whom he found in company with his aunt, Seibold, and old Hennig. He threw himself into the arms of the major's lady, kissed her hand with uncommon ardour, and suddenly burst into a loud fit of crying. Old Hennig sprang towards him, seized him in his arms, and asked if his brother had, in any manner, again offended him. By my soul, said he, it must be something of that kind! But I'll give the pert jackanapes a good dressing. Is he not always harassing the poor child? And does he not tease and torment him with his smooth words and his honeyed tongue, till the venom has insinuated itself into his breast?—Come, young one, I'll saddle old yellow-dun.

The major, looking at the boy with an
air

air of concern, said : Old yellow-dun, my little fellow ! Hennig shall ride along with you. You must forgive him—he is your brother.

What is the matter ? continued Hennig, pressing the boy to his breast.

My mother hates me, replied the child softly—Emilia told me so.

I wish, said Hennig, she had told you something else, little chatter-box ! Ay,—he now knows what we have so long concealed from him.

Chatter-box ! replied Seibold half aloud—Now he knows it indeed, added he softly, and walked to the window.

Let her hate you, cried the old huffar—We love you as we do our own lives.

Hate ! said Seibold—Who speaks of hating ? His mother loves him only not so much as Charles ; and that is perfectly natural, because she cannot do him a tenth part of the good that she can do to her eldest. There is your mother, continued he, pointing to Hannah. She brought you up,
formed

formed your mind, and shewed you every kindness. Your mother does not love you, perhaps, with so much affection as we do; but you may force her so that she must at length do it in the end. Be a good man, that she may receive comfort from you in her old age - - - I wish, however, she were here, said Seibold in a whisper to the major—I only wonder whether her cuckow heart could withstand the child's tears.

Cuckow-heart? replied the major softly—say rather raven-heart—she's a raven-mother.

Every one endeavoured to console the child as well as possible; and Seibold now pointed out to him, by what means he might win his mother's heart. If she, however, does not give it to you, dear Hennig, added he, prove to the world that the fault is not on your side. Behave in such a manner as to deserve the love of all mankind; and then God, on account of your virtues, will forgive your mother for not loving you.

Hem! said Seibold afterwards to the major,

major, the worst of such unnatural conduct is, that the wisest thing one can utter appears foolish ; for what else can be said than, Banish it from your thoughts?

True, replied the major, contracting his brows : But has not she a raven-heart, who obliges good men to entreat her own child to forget his mother ? No—Devil take her ! I will go !—What a pity it is so late, else I would ride over directly.

Next morning he ordered his horse to be saddled, and rode over to Moorberg ; but, when he came into his sister's presence, he at first knew as little what he should say as young Hennig. He at length, however, exclaimed all at once, as if inspired : No!—And if this should be the last time of my coming hither - - - In God's name ! I cannot ride back in this manner. Sister, little Hennig is as much your son as Charles. Hitherto we have concealed from the young one that you hate him : but he has at length observed it ; and that child whom every body loves, because he is an

angel that child now stands crying on account of his mother—Look ye ! on account of his mother. . . . Never can God, without anger, see a child cry on account of the cruelty of his mother, or I must doubt of his existence. This the major said half through anger and half through compassion. He quivered with agitation as he pronounced the words, and he became first pale, then red, alternately.

Mrs. Halden looked at him and blushed: Yes, said she, at last, with a downcast look. Is it possible that I can love the boy ? Is he not entirely surrounded by people who are my enemies ? where his mother, continued she, crying, is painted out to him as an avaricious fiend—as a savage—Yes, I know it well !

How ?—What ?—replied the major fiercely.—Of you, brother, I say nothing, added she, sobbing with increased agitation. But, I observe—yes—how I am hated by your groom, and by your tutor also, because I do not make myself familiar with him ;
because

because I do not suffer every beggar and vagabond to come to the house and to sit at my table ; because I do not educate every bastard brat as my own child ; do not take the bread from the mouths of my children to cast it to the dogs. They lay their heads together ; tell the unthankful good-for-nothing boy that I hate him, and fill his bad heart with contempt for father and mother, brother and sister. Yes, I know it well !

The major at first was so overcome with passion that he held his tongue—But at length he exclaimed, No, that is too bad ! too bad !—May God grant me patience ! —But you shall hear my confession, and then I shall leave it to God, either to touch you with compunction, or to punish you as his holy will shall think proper—Yes, you shall hear, for I will wash my hands in innocence——Yes, if we told your son—but God has hitherto prevented us—Your mother, young one, is an avaricious devil, it would have been the pure truth. If we had said to him, Thy mother is hard-

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hearted,

hearted, cruel and savage, that also would have been the pure truth. For, don't you make this house a hell to your whole family, from the tutor, who ought to be your friend, because he makes your children human beings, even down to the scullion? Don't you hate Hennig because he stands in the way of your dear Charles, a good-for-nothing blockhead? Rather than that jackanapes should have one brick of Sollingen, I would bequeath my property to a quack. All that he knows is to dance, to powder himself, and to ill-use the poor people. Now I will tell you plainly to your face, that he will one day behave ill to his mother also—That he will, by the great God! The boy thinks of nothing already but money and commanding. He has not a single spark of humanity in his breast. You are obstinately breeding him up to be a savage. How then should he love you? Stay till we come to talk on this subject six or eight years hence—you will then gladly stretch out your arms to the
despised

despised Hennig ! And with regard to your vagabond - - - I know well how it will be, and for this reason you are so great an enemy to Seibold—Because he loves little Hennig, and when in your company does not cringe upon all fours like a spaniel. And that bastard ! Gracious God ! had I not promised, in so sacred a manner, to be silent, you should hear things - - - - But patience ! It will come out one day ! At present I have too much on my hands—Now, one word more. Hennig is my heir and my son. In future, therefore, consider us as strangers—me, my beggar, and that bastard. He then stamped with his foot on the floor, hurried from the parlour, and mounted his horse, repeatedly muttering to himself as he rode along, Stay a little, I'll teach her something about bastards !

Mrs. Halden was highly incensed at the major's behaviour ; but curiosity to know the secret respecting the little girl, who was educated at Sollingen with such tender affection, made her almost forget her anger—

What things shall I hear ? said she—What will come out ?—The age of the child corresponded with the journey of the major and his lady, and she thought she could distinguish also in the child's eyes some likeness to the major. She enquired into the most trifling circumstances respecting the secret journey to Pymont, and also the other short excursion when her sister-in-law brought home the child. She now found that the major had staid only four weeks at Pymont, though he pretended to have been there four months. She saw that this must have some peculiar connection with the child, which she was not able to trace out. She even once conjectured what was really the truth ; but in that scheme she could discover no advantage to Hannah, and therefore gave up the idea, but without losing any of her curiosity.

Her mind was soon at ease respecting the anger of her brother-in-law : he had once more solemnly asserted that Hennig should be his heir ; and she knew how sacredly he
kept

kept his word on every occasion. She was not displeased, therefore, that intercourse with the major was broken off; for at every visit she had been exposed to the bitterest mortification by him and on his account. Every person at Sollingen was attached to Hennig with the sincerest love, and her Charles was neglected. Charles himself, who at home was flattered on every occasion, observed, with great grief, that he was continually eclipsed by his younger brother: it was always, therefore, with the utmost reluctance that he went to Sollingen, and the complete breach with that family was to him highly agreeable.

Charles had now passed his fourteenth, and Hennig his thirteenth year, when a separation took place between the two families. This separation, however, did not produce that violent effect upon the major which Hannah apprehended; and Seibold contributed to drive the remembrance of it still more from his mind. Major, said he, there are a thousand kinds of connec-

tion among men : friendship from being relations ; friendship arising from judgment ; friendship from a similarity of character ; the friendship of folly, the friendship of sharpers, and so on. Nature begins with the friendship produced by being relations ; and that is proper, for, in the first place, man must have some object of attachment. Then comes the friendship of the sexes. Young men and young women love each other ; and one sometimes knows the reason as little as why love prevails between brothers and sisters. The head and the heart are now formed according as it happens ; and then begins a new, honourable, and often sacred relationship. The virtuous becomes a brother to every man of honesty, and the judicious to every man of prudence. With fools and profligates the case is not so. All fools are brothers ; but those born fools seek their relations by folly only in people of their own condition. Thus an honest man can have more relationship with a faithful dog, than with a sharper

sharper who walks upon two legs, even though he may have sucked the same breast with him.

That is not true, Seibold, returned the major : a man always remains a man. You go too far—that I know.

Do you not think, replied the other, that Androcles, whom Hennig lately told us of, had more love for the lion which gave him food and shelter, than for his cruel master, who obliged him to seek protection in the dens of wild beasts ?

Yes, more love, said the major ; but we are not speaking of that, but of relationship.

Now, and is not love the true relationship ? continued Seibold. Are not many people fonder of dogs, cats, and horses, than they are of the best men ? These have in them something of a *cattish* nature ; for how otherwise can it be explained ?

The major was at last obliged to allow that his relationship with good and worthy men was more sacred than that with his wicked sister-in-law. He soon after gave

over visiting or speaking of Moorberg; and his mind was restored to perfect tranquillity.

Hennig also renounced all thoughts of his mother and brother, but not of Emilia, whom he so tenderly loved. He complained to his tutor, with tears in his eyes, that he could no longer have the pleasure of speaking to her - - - - Fetch the fowling-piece, Hennig! said Seibold; we will go over to Moorberg. I engage you shall see her once every week. It is only two miles; and your sister well deserves that you should go a couple of miles to see her.

In a few minutes Hennig was ready with the fowling-piece, and proceeded with Seibold to Moorberg. They crept unperceived around the chamberlain's garden; and it was not long before they discovered Emilia's governess in one of the walks. Hennig flew to her in an instant; and having told her what he wished, the governess went to fetch his sister. When Emilia came, her eyes sparkled with joy; she threw herself on her brother's breast, and

and then conducted him to the most distant part of a birchen grove, where they could be perfectly undisturbed. The governess, in the mean time, remained in a walk which led to the garden gate, to give a signal in case any one should approach. The brother and sister sat down arm in arm in the birchen grove at Seibold's feet, and shed tears together. They swore an eternal and inviolable friendship; and resolved to see each other in like manner once a week at a certain time agreed on. Emilia was so overjoyed, that she kissed the worthy Seibold's hand when she heard that he had been the cause of this visit. The children chatted together, and Seibold occasionally joined in the conversation; but an hour had passed imperceptibly, and they were obliged to separate.

Emilia, now almost twelve years of age, was an enchanting little girl, and extremely like her brother—but with this difference, that she had a much more delicate complexion, and more enthusiasm in her eye.

This enthusiasm was seated not only in her looks, but also in her soul. The governess, whom Emilia loved with real tenderness, was, herself, not free from enthusiasm. Solitude, the restraint under which she lived, and a few books, her only entertainment in her moments of leisure, had filled her head with romantic notions of friendship, love, nature and fidelity. She could not herself act the part of those heroines whom she had read of in romances, but she did what she could. She formed Emilia after herself, and often told her of lovers who remained true to each other amidst poverty and amidst persecution from hard-hearted parents. The reader may readily believe that the private visits of brother Hennig were highly agreeable to the governess as well as to Emilia. Both now had their secrets; and Emilia, in particular, thought herself exceedingly happy that she was acquainted with love and friendship, the severity of parents, misfortune and tears.

These private visits, however, which
gave

gave so much pleasure to Emilia, would have soon become insipid, had not Seibold prevented it ; for what subject could the two children always find to amuse each other ? They had oft enough sworn eternal friendship ; and the mother's hatred toward Hennig, and her coolness to Emilia, had been oft enough the theme of their conversation. Her older friend Mr. Seibold must now also begin to act his part. He seated himself between the two children, and related to them the history of his life. Some weeks after he had finished it, being continually importuned by Hennig to accompany him to see his sister on the appointed day, he resolved to make these visits useful to Emilia and his pupil. He began, therefore, a course of instruction for them both ; carried with him some book from which he read to them ; explained what they had heard, and endeavoured to form their minds by every method possible. Sometimes he played the flute with Hennig, and Emilia accompanied it with her voice.

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These visits were thus converted into parties of pleasure, which, of course, were highly agreeable to Emilia, as she received so much enjoyment from them. Scarcely had they continued three months, when Emilia began to long as ardently for seeing Seibold as she did for seeing her brother; and Seibold, who was fond of children, imperceptibly began to have particular satisfaction in the lovely little girl, who already seemed to unite the sensations of maturity to the most innocent and childish simplicity. He rejoiced at being able to contribute something towards the formation of her mind; and Emilia herself felt with joy how much she profited by the conversation of her friend Seibold. The governess sometimes made the fourth personage in this little society; and, as she walked a few hours with Emilia almost every day, no suspicion was ever entertained on account of her long absence from the castle. If any one happened to approach, Hennig and Seibold would, in an instant, jump over the
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the wall, and make their way through the bushes.

These visits had already become interesting to Emilia because they were private, and because neither her mamma nor her brother Charles knew any thing of them ; but another interest was soon engrafted on this secret and delicious joy—The child saw that she was esteemed by a man - - - by a man to whom her uncle shewed the sincerest friendship and respect. She was still a child ; but, by the indiscretion of her governess, so worthy in other respects, her heart was already exalted by a sensation of love. As yet, indeed, she had no ideas of that passion, but it gratified her heart that a man who knew so much, who played the flute so well, who was so noble in his behaviour, and who was beloved by all mankind—that this man should read to her, instruct her, sing with her, and call her his little friend.

This may be easily conceived, when the first threads of sensibility have been traced
out

out in the female heart ; but it is not so easy to comprehend why Seibold never reflected how much hurt he was doing the child by accustoming her to secret visits unknown to her mother. He went to Moorberg at first to gratify the wish of his favourite Hennig; he then continued the visits because he thought he might be useful to Emilia; and he began, at length, himself to have an interest in the sensible little maid. He remarked, after some time, that her head was already filled with romantic notions, which he wished to banish. He conversed with Emilia, but with great caution ; and he then made the governess take notice of her romantic ideas. But while he believed he should be able to extirpate these ideas, he created in the mind of the child a new world of images, among which he himself made a principal figure. Winter did not entirely interrupt these private meetings. When the parties separated, they always agreed at what time they should see each other again ; and Emilia became more and
more

more attached with childish affection to her friend Seibold.

A year passed away in this manner, when the major said one day with a frown on his brow, that brother Toffel was still his brother, and that he would once more ride over to Moorberg to see him, because he was ill of a fever. Seibold, who had nothing to offer against this proposal, replied, But you must take little Hennig along with you, major; and then turning to the boy, desired him to behave prettily to his mamma, and to salute Emilia. Emilia, continued he, is a real jewel, major: what a pity that she must live there so uncomfortably! You cannot imagine what might be made of that child.

To the major this was enough. He rode over to Moorberg, and found Emilia just as Seibold had described her. She threw herself with the most lively tenderness into Hennig's arms; embraced her uncle; asked kindly after her dear aunt, old Hennig, and the worthy Seibold; and was in such a transport

transport that the major's heart beat high with joy, and this attention to the daughter banished entirely from his mind all thoughts of the mother.

Mrs. Halden, last year, had entertained an idea that the major, if he continued to hate her and her dear Charles, might at length take it into his head to serve them a very bad trick at his death. She imagined that he might make Hennig his heir, without depriving him of the right which he had to the inheritance of his father ; and some respectable lawyers whom she consulted served to confirm her still farther in her suspicions. She however relied on the major's word and his will ; but it was hinted to her that a second will would disannul the former. In short, she found that it would be necessary for her to be reconciled with her brother. When he arrived now at Moorberg, she gave Charles therefore, in great haste, some instructions how he should behave. But Charles replied, No, mamma ; it is impossible for me to flatter my uncle
and

and my brother—I detest them both.—But reflect, my dear son, said the mother coaxing him, that your good fortune is placed in your uncle's hands. I can bear the unpolished clown as little as you; but you will see how I behave to him.—How?—My good fortune? replied the stripling of fifteen. He then flew to meet his brother and uncle with out-stretched arms; and his mother followed him with apparent joy.

The unsuspicious major did not expect a reception of this kind. He abandoned himself, therefore, to his natural benevolence; pressed his nephew tenderly to his breast, and found, in a few minutes, that Charles was much changed for the better. Right, my dear boy, said he, thou art now a human being! Now, look ye, what should your foolish honoured uncle be? I am your father's dear brother; thy dear uncle, as thou callest me; and thou art my dear Charles, my good father's grandson. Mrs. Halden completed the deception. She told
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the major, and artfully enough, in a plaintive tone, that Charles gave away every thing he had; defended the domestics when they committed faults; took every poor peasant under his protection, and so on—— Does he? cried the major, and kissed his sister-in-law with extravagant joy. Does he, dear sister? Well, I did the boy great injustice. God forgive me! Truly I find the whole house here changed. Look ye, dear sister; allow me to call you so at present! God has given you sufficient understanding to see - - - - . But let me not add a word more on the subject! You will now find that humanity, as Seibold says, is a bridge which the heart builds from this to the other world; that benevolence, and the hope of eternal life, are the figure and inscription on one and the same coin. He who has not the face benevolence wants also the reverse—the inscription, Hope. Is it not true, dear sister, that you now find every thing else, viz. riches and rank, to be follies; and that your *bonbons* and kick-shaws

shows that one eats at table, rather for amusement than to satisfy the appetite, are, as Seibold says, like the picture of a fire in winter ; and, as the Bible says, a snare for a man's life ?

The chamberlain's lady allowed that he was perfectly right ; and the unsuspicious good-hearted major had not the least idea of her flattery. He was, indeed, a little surprised at so total and sudden a change ; but this did not interrupt the current of his joy. A Saul, said he to himself, was in a moment converted into a Paul. Why should not the case be the same here also ?

Little Hennig, to the major's great astonishment, behaved with the utmost coolness towards his brother, notwithstanding the pains which the latter took to gain his affection. The major, therefore, called him aside, and scolded him for being so morose. Forgive and forget, Hennig, said he. If Seibold knew, look ye, that you stand there as stiff as a waxen image, he would ---- ! Think on the fifth
petition,

petition, my dear boy.—Hennig squeezed his uncle's hand, but continued still stiff and cool as before. This was extremely natural. Little Emilia had been blabbing—The flatterer! whispered she to her brother. Mamma told him, Your uncle has your fortune in his hands, and only look, now, how he flatters him!

Hennig already entertained an aversion to his brother, and this discovery excited in his breast the utmost contempt for him. He had no conception how a person under such circumstances could say a civil word, were it even to gain the whole world! He comprehended as little how far his brother's fortune depended on his uncle; for he had never thought of future possession, however readily he reckoned. But he learnt that his brother's fortune was in the hands of his uncle; and this was enough to make him conceal Charles's flattery, and to shrug up his shoulders at his uncle's reproaches.

Mrs. Halden was sensible that her new victory would remain uncertain as long as

Hennig should stay at Sollingen. She therefore addressed her brother-in-law, and entered into the following conversation with him respecting her son : I am often uneasy, said she, when I think what Providence will make of my two sons.

Providence, replied the major, gave children parents that they might breed them up in principles of honesty, and give them good advice respecting the choice of their condition.

I think so, too, dear brother ! said Mrs. Halden, and began a long panegyric on the military profession, which she thus concluded :—My eldest son is too delicate to be a soldier, else he should enter into the army as soon as possible. But my good Hennig --- dear brother, has received from you an education which must make him one day fit for a soldier. He rides, he fences, he -----

He shall not be a soldier, said the major drily, and I have good reasons for saying so.

But

But I thought, dear brother - - - though your reasons may be good - - - I thought, because you yourself have been a soldier - - -

On that account, sister, I know the nature of the profession better than you. Soldiers there must be; and if my dear country were attacked, I would still enroll myself, should I even carry a musket. But otherwise - - - ! No situation in the world can be more difficult; this I have sufficiently experienced. Subordination is necessary - - - But when I saw men shot who had erred in that point, my eyes were bathed with tears, and I wished I were dead. I however held my tongue, and said only, It must be—But I thank thee, gracious God, that in thy heaven there is no longer subordination—no discontent—no quarrels. Have mercy on the souls of the unfortunate, and forgive us because we are obliged to send them out of the world! - - - Look ye, sister, Hennig has not been educated for subordination: in that respect Charles is a thousand times fitter. But were not that even

even the case - - - I wish you could only see once a field of battle where good use has been made of the sabre ! - - - When the business was over - - - - Gracious God ! gracious God ! Could your children - - - - ! When I had wiped my bloody sabre - - - - Here the major shook his head, and dropt a silent tear—No, may God preserve Hennig from seeing what I have been obliged to see and to feel a hundred times ! to cut down from his horse a man—the image of God—my brother ! Ah ! - - -

But, my God, brother, said Mrs. Halden, these are enemies though ; and the prince or king whom one serves commands it.

Hem ! returned the major : had my father lived two miles more towards the south, they would have been friends, and the emperor would have commanded it. They were enemies indeed ; but they were still men ! And do you know what I always prayed secretly when the old colonel called out, Advance—march in God's

name? Merciful God, said I, be so kind as to give the first cannon-ball a billet on my life! (You must know, look ye, that the soldiers commonly say each ball has its billet; though that is not true, as the chaplain has often explained to me.) Now, my prayers were not heard; and it is all well, for I can now again sleep without being disturbed by the cries and groans of the dying around me. In the three first years after the war I could not. Had I known all this in my youth, I should not have entered into the service of the great king, but remained quietly in the territories of our own prince. No, no—Hennig shall be no soldier, except it should be necessary, when his country wants defenders—In that case he must.

Mrs. Halden was silent; for from the deepest sensibility to the highest degree of passion was but one step with the major, and he was never more ready to become violent than when his eyes were bathed in tears, or when his heart was
oppressed

oppressed with affliction. This plan, to get Hennig removed, was not attended with success. She was obliged, therefore, to depend entirely on herself and on her dear Charles. To-day, indeed, they had both been so fortunate as to obtain the major's favour in a high degree; for he could believe sooner in all the vices and villainies of mankind than in flattery, the meanest of all meannesses, of which his unsuspicious heart could form no conception. He was pleased with Charles, with his sister-in-law, and with his brother. To gain him over still more, the tutor and the governess were suffered to sit at table, and Mrs. Halden conversed with both in a very affable manner.

As Emilia saw that her mother was so friendly and condescending towards the major, she formed a plan for turning this good intelligence to her own advantage. While walking out with the major, she expressed a wish that she might be allowed to stay a month with her aunt. Dear uncle,

M 2

said]

said she, I see my brother Hennig and my aunt so seldom—and little Hannah must now be grown pretty big. I wish I might stay a while at Sollingen! And Mr. Seibold is so good, and I am so fond of him!

Well, Emmy, replied the major, you shall go along with me now.

Yes, uncle, said Emilia, with a divine look; but *you* must tell mamma—If I should speak to her, she would not give me leave; and then, uncle, you must request mamma to permit Charles to go to Sollingen also. Charles will not be suffered, that I am certain; but mamma will the more readily allow me.

The major smiled at the idea of being obliged to go to work with so much formality: but Emilia well knew what she requested; and she reminded her uncle once more respecting Charles, desiring him, when her mamma refused, then to ask leave for her.

Hark ye, Emmy, said the major, you proceed with your mother as if she were an enemy.

enemy. That is not right, my dear little girl. You ought to behave in the openest manner to your parents.

Dear uncle, replied Emilia, to you I can always behave openly—To you I can say every thing in the world—every thing that my governess has entrusted to me in confidence ; but with mamma that is of no use. If you act in any other manner than what I have proposed, I will not go along with you ; and yet I earnestly wish it, because I have so much love for all at Sollingen—Ah ! such sincere love.

Hast thou ? Well then, I will do as you say, my dear Emmy.—The major asked his sister-in-law to permit him to carry Charles with him for a month. This request threw Mrs. Halden into some embarrassment ; and she employed excuses which were evidently fictitious ; for she knew too well, that, if Charles were with the major, he could not continue to act for eight days the part which he had assumed to-day. To get rid of her embarrassment, she herself proposed

to let Emilia go ; and the child said Yes, with such an air of indifference as seemed to shew that she had no great inclination for the jaunt.

The major said to himself, Gracious God ! is it possible that a mother can so far lose the confidence of a child ?—Emilia received from her mother some precepts how to behave, and then set out for Sollingen. The governess, though she would willingly have accompanied her, was obliged to remain at home ; for Mrs. Halden put no trust in her. Emilia clapped her hands when she left Moorberg ; and when she sprung out of the carriage at Sollingen, she was so overjoyed that she sunk down in the arms of her aunt.

Seibold seemed highly delighted when he again saw his little friend, who was attached to him with so much affection and so much childish sensibility. The major delivered over Emilia to his care, and said to him at the same time : There is one trait in this child's mind which must be removed, and
with

with which I am not pleased. Only think now ! She already forms cabals against her mother.

That comes of her governess's reading romances, replied Seibold very bluntly. By these means the child's imagination is heated ; but I can assure you, major, that Emilia's heart is spotless. The trait, however, must be removed : in that you are right. It would be a shame if the child's head were not in the best order. I thank God that she is here. I now hope we shall soon be able to banish all her romantic notions of love, constancy, and the like.

Seibold expressed this hope with the sincerest confidence. But what would he have said, had he known that he himself was the cause of Emilia's being at Sollingen, and that he even cut the most conspicuous figure among her romantic ideas ? He resolved to make good use of the month which Emilia was to stay with her uncle ; and for that reason, she was almost always in his company from morning till night.

The instruction of his Hennig was therefore neglected, on her account. He carried her out to walk ; endeavoured to sift her during these excursions ; and soon found that her romantic notions had taken deeper root than he imagined, and that her head was filled with a thousand ideas with which he never before suspected her to be acquainted. She had read with avidity the books of her governess. Her ignorance in other things, and her innocence, gave indeed a peculiar cast to all her ideas, so that one might have readily considered them as the mere conceptions of a child ; but it was impossible, for such an attentive observer as Seibold, not to discover through them the truth. To make her forget these sentiments and ideas, was, as Seibold soon remarked, impossible. All therefore that he could do was to expand her sentiments ; to enlighten her obscure ideas ; and to shew her that they were merely visions, which she could never hope to see realised in actual life. He did, with propriety, what
ought

ought to be done to prevent a heart possessed of such sensibility, at so early a period, from falling a victim, sooner or later, to sensuality ; only it ought to have been done by another, and not by him who was himself the object of her confused ideas, of her visionary hopes and wishes. He conversed with Emilia, and, because circumstances rendered it necessary, in the same manner as he would have conversed with a woman. This mark of attention did not escape her ; she felt herself much honoured by Seibold's confidence ; and did every thing she possibly could to secure a continuance of his esteem.

That she might no longer appear a child, she behaved in such a manner as if she understood every thing that Seibold said to her. To many things which she really comprehended, she returned answers as well as she could : with regard to the rest, she suffered them to pass without any reply. She promised to do every thing he should require of her ; and to regulate her conduct

according to his advice, without giving herself much trouble to understand it. Her chief aim was to appear prudent and sensible in his eyes, which she actually did; and this she remarked by the kind and confidential manner in which he treated her. He imagined that he had accomplished his end in the best manner possible; and he gave her his hand, that he would always be her friend and her counsellor.

Emilia was highly gratified, and felt with conscious pride that she was now raised above other children, as she had acquired the friendship of a man, and of a man of great worth. She now, therefore, attached herself to Seibold more than her feelings commanded, in order that she might not lose his friendship by the coolness of her behaviour. As his friend, she had now to support a character which to her was indeed new—the character of a woman; and this she maintained with the best effect.

However little Seibold thought of this connection, he could not have been a man,
had

had not little Emilia become interesting to him by her ardent and passionate attachment. He entertained a pure paternal love for her, as he did for little Hennig; but his love for the former was mixed with an uncommon timid, tender sensation, and a civility, which was so clearly manifested that it could not fail to attract her notice.

A look from Seibold, or a wink, was sufficient to make Emilia abandon her most favourite employment, and to bestow her whole attention upon him. If he quitted the parlour, she would in a few minutes follow, and search every where till she at last found him. While walking together, she always laid hold of his hand, and never quitted it whether the way was broad or narrow; and all this, when the major sometimes joked her with Seibold, she called gratitude.

Best of uncles, said she—I love no one on earth so much as the worthy Seibold. He is my preceptor, my friend, and my

counsellor ; and if I have any goodness in me, I am indebted for it to him.

Such ideas the major considered as highly worthy of praise. He therefore kissed Emilia, and said : Continue your love, for we all love him ; and God grant that your future husband may be a man like Seibold ! No one suspected that this and other expressions of the like kind might be poison for the heart of Emilia. They at first, indeed, excited no peculiar ideas in her mind ; but they gave a stimulus to her sensations, from which, at length, arose new ideas, conceptions, and resolutions. There was nothing, as has been already remarked, against which her governess inveighed oftener, or with more bitterness, than against family pride, because she herself had to suffer so much from it. She laboured, therefore, with the utmost care, to secure Emilia's heart against this so common fault, and in the height of her zeal proceeded often too far. She declared, for example, that marrying below one's rank was a sign of good

good understanding, of a noble heart that can rise above mean prejudices. She enlarged so frequently on this subject, that her pupil at length comprehended what she meant, and what she wished to imply. It was therefore very natural that these ideas, on marrying below one's rank, should occur to Emilia when she heard her uncle say : God grant that your future husband may be a man like Seibold ! and that the idea, Thou mayest one day be Seibold's wife, should be as clearly imprinted in her mind as it was possible to be in the mind of a child. To be brief, Emilia's heart received the germ of a love, which increased with the greater rapidity as it seemed to be approved of by every person at Sollingen.

Seibold spent the whole day in her company, sometimes reading to her, sometimes instructing her, and sometimes teaching her to play on the harp. On these occasions he would frequently place her between his knees ; hold her in his arms ; press her to his bosom when she had been diligent, and
kiss

kiss her when she patted his cheek with childish innocence. He returned all her careffes, because he was ignorant how much she gave to him. Her uncle and aunt were continually joking her with her dear Seibold, whom she never quitted, and advised her to allow herself to be formed by him, that she might always retain his favour. Little Hennig quarrelled with her in jest, because she had deprived him of Seibold's love, and also of his instruction. In a word, what is the case with a thousand mothers, in regard to their daughters, was the case in the family of Sollingen : they little knew what was awake in the heart of the young lady. Emilia had ceased to be a child ; and yet she was still considered under that character.

In knowledge also she made incredible progress, for Seibold's careffes were the reward of her diligence. She wrote essays, which Seibold shewed to Hannah with astonishment ; and every one wondered at the great sensibility which she displayed in these

these essays, without ever suspecting that something very particular must have filled her mind with so much animation.

The month to which her stay was fixed being expired, the major obtained from her mother leave for another month, then for a third, and at last for a whole year. Neither the major, nor any person in the house, at length, knew whether they loved Emilia or Hennig most: but every one knew that Emilia loved only Seibold; for indeed she appeared to behave with attention to all the rest, merely because Seibold wished it.

Seibold read with Emilia books of history; but he avoided poetry, and forbade her to peruse any works of that kind. She obeyed his orders, however much she was pained at not being able to enjoy what had appeared to be so enchanting in the passages read to her by Hennig. But what necessity was there for poetry, to a heart in which love had made such considerable progress? Hennig's style was prosaic, notwithstanding

withstanding the great deal of verse which he read ; but every thing that Emilia wrote was poetical, though she never had a poet in her hands. Seibold was much afraid of the romantic turn of her mind, the cause of which was still unknown to him ; and therefore he took the more trouble to give steadiness to her character. He endeavoured to awaken in her that noble pride which despises life as a trifle, and pays attention only to the discharging of one's duty. He gradually excited in her mind the utmost aversion for the enjoyment of low sensuality ; taught her, that her highest felicity would consist in being mistress of herself, and in not suffering herself to be overcome by her sensations, and in particular by the passions of grief or joy. He endeavoured to create in the most magnanimous pride a counterpoise to the tender sensibility of her heart. He read to her the examples of Arria and Portia, and of all the great Roman and Grecian female characters. He made duty and virtue be to

Emilia,

Emilia, what their country had been to these; and from that moment she became indifferent in regard to trifles; but on things which could be corrected she displayed that new character which Seibold wished her to assume. She was no longer fond of ornaments, for she thought on the mother of the Gracchi; she no more cried, for the noblest of the Roman matrons never shed tears in their sufferings; and she endeavoured to express herself simply, and in a few words, because the Lacedemonian ladies had done the same.

But this pride and this indifference in Emilia became a new flame in her heart, and so deceived Seibold again. She was become proud, in order that she might despise every obstacle to her love; superior to joy and grief, that she might remain true to her friends; and indifferent to mankind in general, because they were not connected with her love. Seibold was, indeed, astonished at the power which she had acquired over herself.

The

The period of separation, however much it had been ~~delayed~~, at length arrived. For three days before the major had been under great uneasiness, because he dreaded the young lady's complaints. Take notice, said he to Hannah, we shall have a fine piece of work when Emilia must quit Seibold. The fatal morning came, and Emilia made her appearance, with tears in her eyes, and quite pale. Seibold, laying hold of her hand, said: You are grieved, Emilia, at being obliged to leave us; but it is your duty. I have nothing farther to say.— Emilia looked steadfastly at him, and a tear trickled down her cheek. She conversed with her uncle in a grave but an affable manner. When the carriage drove up to the door, her words were several times on the point of being interrupted by a burst of crying; but she had fortitude enough to restrain her emotion. Adieu! said she abruptly; sprung into the carriage, and called out to the coachman: Go on! quick!

The

The company in the parlour looked at each other with astonishment, and the major said : Truly, Seibold, you have made that child a woman, without corrupting her mind in the least.—Seibold had been so much accustomed to Emilia's company, that, for the first few days after her departure, he walked about like one quite distracted and forlorn. When the major said to Hannah, joking : He is as much in love with Emilia as she is with him—Seibold replied : Yes, major ; I never loved any one so tenderly as I love this child ; but you cannot imagine what a great soul resides in Emilia.

Mrs. Halden had not seen her daughter during a whole year ; for she never went to Sollingen, under a pretence that she could not bear riding in a carriage ; but, in reality, that she might not be exposed to the mortification of calling the late chambermaid by the appellation of sister-in law. Emilia was now fourteen years of age ; but her features were so strongly formed, that she
might

might have passed very well for a girl of fifteen. As she had acquired a certain nobleness of gait, a grandeur in her carriage, and a dignified look, her mother was much astonished when she saw her. The first view of her daughter filled her, indeed, with no little surprise. Some days before her arrival, she had said to her husband : Now you will see what a rustic girl Emilia will be ! It will cost me more than two years preaching to her, before people will be made to believe that she is not a parson's daughter, or something still lower !—Such were the expressions made use of by Mrs. Halden ; and Emilia now entered the parlour with so much dignity and grace. She could not then conceal her satisfaction, and said : Welcome, my dear girl ! Heavens ! child, you are grown as handsome as a Venus ! My God ! what a gait the girl has ! like a princess ! Had your uncle, then, a dancing-master in his family ?—Turn round, I pray ! Only look, dear husband ! You are a father, indeed !—The girl,

girl, whispered she half aloud, is truly an angel! But your hands, Emilia. Didn't that miser, I had almost said—didn't your uncle give you gloves? My God, child, your arms are sun-burnt till they have become quite brown! I suspected that would be the case. But how complete the girl is grown! Truly, Emmy, I must now think of getting you a husband.

If Mrs. Halden was at first highly satisfied with Emilia, she became afterwards equally dissatisfied when she considered her a little farther. The girl's mind was filled with a strange spirit of whim and contradiction, which the mother knew not how to manage; which gave her great pain, and rendered her, at the same time, timid. Emilia, for example, would object to certain articles of dress, and refuse to wear them. If her mother asked why, she would assign her reason with great calmness. Mrs. Halden, according to her usual custom, would make a noise, and assert, that one must do as others, and that fashion is still

fashion. Whilst the mother was talking in this manner, Emilia, with much composure, would alter the piece of dress in question according to her own fancy. Her mother would still go on, and Emilia would reply with the utmost indifference : I will readily obey you, dear mother, if you will only give me one sufficient reason why you would have it so ; for, as to its being the fashion, that, with me, is no reason at all. Whatever I wear is fashionable ; and of two fashions, I always choose the simplest and the most decent. Here the matter would rest ; for Emilia's coolness never suffered it to proceed to a quarrel.

Such was the case, also, with brother Charles. This young man had assumed a commanding tone with every person around him, and even with his father and mother ; but Emilia was bold enough to deny his authority. When he wished to act the bashaw with her, she would stare at him with a penetrating look, and, without suffering herself to be drawn into a quarrel,

say

say calmly: You wish to have it so; but I will not. What appeared most incomprehensible to Charles, was, that she behaved to him with a condescension which he could not expect, and often at a time when he had treated her with great rudeness. In a word, Emilia was a singular being, with whom every person in the house could agree exceedingly well, her mother and her brother alone excepted. Mrs. Halden complained to her husband: See, said she, what a fine trick your brother has served us again—to incense Emilia against me and Charles! This is your noble brother! A devil between parents and children!

If the conversation, in Emilia's presence, turned upon her uncle and her brother Hennig, she suffered her to say what she would; but if her brother interfered, she would stare at him with a sharp and penetrating look. If he did not then immediately hold his tongue, she would say to him: Charles, you are a poor creature—one, only, of your uncle's or brother's virtues would
make

make you worthy of notice. Charles would then continue ; and when he began to use hard words, Emilia would support her assertion with much animation, without making any reply to her brother's abuse and invective.

What appeared most singular on these occasions, was, that the mother, however much mortified by Emilia's behaviour, never ventured to treat her with harshness. During a dispute of this kind, between Charles and Emilia, she once held up her hands and exclaimed, with violence, Emilia ! — But Emilia looked at her with composure, though in a respectful manner, and said : I beg of you, mother, do not treat me so ! I speak my sentiments as Charles speaks his. Your love to him can never give him a right to command me to hold my tongue. — Mrs. Halden's countenance became red, partly through anger and partly through shame ; her hands, which she had raised up, again dropped down ; she coughed from vexation, and broke off the discourse.

The

The father, though he always wished Emilia to be victorious, still held his tongue, and the family would sit some minutes uneasy and silent.

After such scenes, however, the mother would again soon become reconciled, as her vanity acquired the most delicious offerings through Emilia. When there was company at Moorberg, if Emilia entered the drawing-room, the mother would blush for shame, on account of the simple and artless dress of her daughter; but in half an hour all her uneasiness would vanish. Emilia would soon enter into conversation with some of the company, who would stand with attention before the affable, beautiful girl, and listen to her with the most distinguished respect. She would talk on the occurrences of the day; on the weather; on the poor people in the village; on the last fire; on some unfortunate event; of her uncle, her aunt, or her brother, and of old Hennig:—but what man could have turned his eye from her engaging smile, her animated

look, which displayed the noblest compassion and the most heavenly enchantment !

When the mother observed her engaged in a conversation of this kind, she would approach with the utmost affability, and listen to every word that Emilia said. She was, indeed, never pleased with the subject, but she forgot the subject when she heard the respectful answers of the company. As soon as the conversation was ended, she would step up to the stranger, and say : You have chatted a long while with my daughter ; I am afraid the girl has tired your patience. The reply of the stranger was always incense of the most gratifying kind, which Mrs. Halden drew in with the greatest avidity. Her eyes were incessantly fixed on Emilia, while she was in company ; she admired the confidence which her daughter displayed on every occasion ; and was never pained on her account, when any other, or perhaps some girl, engrossed the conversation, because Emilia then held
her

her tongue, and never so much as assumed a contemptuous air.

Emilia never spoke French when she could avoid it, notwithstanding her readiness in that language, and the many opportunities which her mother gave her of shewing it. To induce her, a poor Frenchman, who resided in the neighbourhood, was often invited to the house; and Emilia conversed with him in French, merely because he spoke very bad German.

Emilia, also, when in company, would never play the harp, on which she was a most excellent performer; and if she at any time suffered herself to be overcome by the entreaties of the guests, she would play worse than she did in common, and then turn the discourse to something else, with so much art, that the harp was soon forgotten.

This conduct had been recommended to her by Seibold, whose advice she carefully followed. She kept up a continual epistolary correspondence with her friend; and

made him acquainted with her whole behaviour, with all her thoughts, and all her sensations. Though Seibold was not fond of writing letters, he suffered none from Emilia to remain unanswered. He considered it as his duty to interest himself in the welfare of the dear girl, though at a distance; and he gave her precepts respecting the manner in which she ought to behave to her mother, to her brother, and even towards her governess. The latter, after the separation of a year, received Emilia with uncommon affection; but she also found that her scholar was totally changed. That natural confidence which Emilia had formerly shewn towards her, was now cast in another mould; it was rather the confidence of a sister or friend. Emilia would no longer permit her governess to read romances with her; but the romantic notions of her pensive instructor, which she could not help hearing, were as bad as the romances which they had before read together, and perhaps even worse.

Emilia,

Emilia, with great freedom, gave Seibold an account of her conversations with her governess; but she concealed one little circumstance, which was, the pleasure that she took in them. On the other hand, she repeated so naturally every thing Seibold had said to her on this point, that he was very much at ease, and Emilia herself did not know that she was deceiving her instructor.

The secret visits were now again resumed. Emilia had so many things to say to Seibold, which according to her ideas could not be committed to writing; and he also could not forbear paying her a short visit from time to time. When he came, her heart was so elated that she always forgot, through joy, what she meant to ask him, and requested him to visit her again, that she might have time to remember what she intended to say.

Seibold, had he been a man of a bad disposition, must have already remarked that the girl's sensations were more than those of friendship. Every time he came, Emilia's hopes had been on the wing for more than an

hour; she ran to meet him with every external mark of friendship, and her whole frame was agitated by emotions of the tenderest nature.—He also began to have sensations of the like kind, when he saw Emilia; but this love had sprung up from so uncommon a soil, that even a greater connoisseur might perhaps have been deceived.

Emilia was, however, still a child, and how could Seibold ever dream that she would be dangerous to him? She was not only descended of a noble family, but entitled to a large dowry; and he was deceived by the remembrance of these circumstances, when he reflected on the nature of her sensations. Had Emilia been of the same rank as himself, it is not improbable that he might have indulged an idea of being one day happy in the possession of so lovely a partner. This idea alone would have been sufficient to shew him the strength of his attachment to Emilia; but, in his situation, it was impossible for him to entertain such an idea, and therefore the nature
of

of his own sensations remained unknown to him.

He was an enthusiast in friendship; and here he found a heart that was perfectly similar to his own. Emilia, on her side, could do nothing to make her friend acquainted with his private sensations. With the assistance of her romances, she would soon have discovered that she felt more than friendship for Seibold: but he ridiculed love, declared it to be polluted sensuality, and had a hundred times warned his fair pupil to beware of this passion. To please her beloved instructor, she assented to what he said; called her sensation towards him, gratitude, and actually believed that it was nothing else. As she felt herself happy in the possession of her friend, she cared very little under what name she possessed him.

Thus did this love arise unknown to all mankind, and the hearts of both the lovers were gradually cemented so closely by it, that no force could pull them asunder without tearing them. Time and separation,

perhaps, might have destroyed this passion, engendered in so singular a manner, had not the mother herself, though undesignedly, conveyed to her daughter the sweet poison in a gilded cup.

The old Frenchman praised Emilia's knowledge of the French language. But, said he to Mrs. Halden, you must make your *aimable fille* read noting but French. *Par Dieu*, she vant noting but to forget *totalement* de German. Her style is too much cold, *trop diffus*, not enough *animé*. *Attendez!* She must read de best *écrivains François*, et *au nom du ciel rien de sérieux*; someting by vich she may form herself for *de sentiment*. I have got van book. De auteur, à la verité, vas not *un François de naissance*, but he vas deserve to have been born à *Paris*. *C'est la Nouvelle Heloise*. You must make *mademoiselle Emilie* learn dis book *par cœur*. All *Paris* is *enchanté* by it. *Quel style!* It surpass all *idée*, all *imagination!* I have procure it from Basle. *C'est adorable délicieux*. I vill send it to you, *mademoiselle*. You vill
see

see how much pretty it be—beyond all *expression*!

What kind of a book then is it? asked Emilia. *Un roman, ma charmante déesse: lettres des deux amans*—O! you have never read de like!

And I will not read it, replied Emilia. I have been warned against reading such works. They are destructive poison.

Poison? Quel pedant have tell you dat? All *Paris* is *enchanté* by it; and dere be no book in de vorld more proper to form de style dan dis. You must make de *lecture* of it to madam your moder.

That you shall, Emilia, replied Mrs. Halden, who indeed understood what had been said, but knew very little more of French. I have occasion for such assistance in the language. One forgets every thing in the country. Pray send it.

The Frenchman sent the book; but Emilia thought on Seibold, and could by no means be induced to read it. You shall at least hear it, said the mother in a

passion, and desired the governess to read. Sit down there, Emilia!—Now read, ma'm'sell! And, Charles, do you attend also.

The governess began with a faltering voice, while Emilia thought with herself, I can listen or not. She was so heedless, therefore, that the first period escaped her notice; but a few passages made her soon a little more attentive. At the following passage in the first letter, *J'ose me flatter quelquefois que le ciel a mis une conformité secrète entre nos affections, ainsi qu'entre nos goûts - - - Nous avons des manières uniformes de sentir et de voir; et pourquoi n'oserois-je imaginer dans nos cœurs ce même concert que j'appergois dans nos jugemens* *? Emilia imagined that she heard Seibold speak—The governess then continued:

* I sometimes flatter myself that heaven has created a secret conformity between our affections as well as between our tastes - - - We see and think in an uniform manner; and why may I not be allowed to suppose that I perceive the same concert in our hearts as in our minds?

Quelquefois

*Quelquefois nos yeux se rencontrent ; quelques soupirs nous échappent en même temps ; quelques larmes furtives - - - - O Julie ! si cet accord venoit de plus loin - - - - si le ciel nous avoit destinés * - - - - !* Emilia listened with the most composed attention, and sighed. The letter began to describe so exactly Seibold, and his behaviour towards her when in her company, that she could scarcely conceal her emotion. By the second and third letter she became still more violently agitated. She just felt as if Seibold had written to her. The illusion became so strong, that she endeavoured to get up in order to conceal her affection. Her mother, however, commanded her to sit still, and the governess continued to read. Emilia, who scarcely seemed to listen, devoured every word that she heard ; and every succeeding expression kindled up in her heart a new

* Sometimes our looks meet each other ; a few sighs then escape from us—a few silent tears - - - - O Julia, were this sympathy prophetic ! - - - - if heaven had destined us for each other !

sensation, and threw new light on her ideas. The mother being seized with a fit of languor, which put a stop to the reading, Emilia, in silence, accompanied her governess to her apartment; and she now for the first time became really sensible that she loved Seibold as Julia did her instructor.

Emilia placed herself at the window, and gazed through the panes in a stedfast manner. The governess asked her what was the matter; and Emilia replied in a plaintive tone, *Puissances du ciel! j'avois une ame pour la douleur; donnez-m'en une pour la felicité**! With these words she threw herself into the arms of her governess, but without explaining to her the reason.

Next evening the governess resumed her reading, and at the eleventh letter Charles said: If sister wrote in that manner I would confine her; and the scoundrel of a lover I would hunt out of the house with my dogs.

* Ye heavenly powers! I had a soul formed for grief; grant me one formed for happiness!

O you

O you poor creature! said Emilia, starting up, and then again sitting down. The mother took Charles's part; Emilia with warmth defended Julia; and yet the imprudent mother suffered the reading to go on, after she had called Emilia a fool.

At the passage, *C'est pour cela qu'on a dit que l'amour faisoit des héros **, Charles burst out into a loud fit of laughter. Mrs. Halden immediately cast her eyes towards Emilia; and the latter, with a mixed look of haughtiness and contempt, remained silent. She was sensible what strength she had acquired by her love, without knowing the cause. Now, said the mother, what kind of stuff is that?

Emilia could be silent no longer. One must at least be a man, said she, to become a hero by any means. Charles will never become one by any thing.—By love, truly not, replied Charles with a loud laugh. I never knew before that love could

* For this reason it has been said that love makes heroes.

produce such wonders.—But I am sensible it can, returned Emilia. And the foolish mother suffered the governess to continue.

At the fourteenth letter Charles said, My God, what a ridiculous noise about a kiss! and Emilia, letting her head sink down on her bosom, made no reply. After this seducing letter she was incapable of farther attention; her ideas became confused, and she gave vent to a deep sigh; but her mother suffered the governess to proceed to the following letter. No, said she, that is too bad! How could the Frenchman recommend to me and Emilia such a book as this? Yes, Emilia, if you did such things I should know how to act. Julia is a lewd girl, notwithstanding all her fine talk. Such was the language which Mrs. Halden employed for some time, in order to obliterate the impression it had made in the mind of Emilia; but it had already become poison in every vein, though poison of a different kind from what the mother imagined. Emilia, with her sensibility,

lity, was now in a state of torture. She knew that she loved Seibold, and she did not doubt that she was beloved by him in return. Had Seibold only entertained the least suspicion of what was the case with his pupil, he would have seen by each line of her next letter with what passionate affection it was written. She carefully avoided making use of the word love, and in its stead wrote friendship, sympathy of souls; but the whole was expressed with so much enthusiasm, that Seibold could not help shaking his head when he read the letter to the major, with this observation, The girl brings the heart into play in every thing!

The major replied, If it be not mere flattery, my dear Seibold! The words are so prettily put together, and there are so many ahs! and ohs! I had almost said between them, that one would think she were taking leave of you for ever.—It is not flattery, returned Seibold with a kind of warmth.—Well, said the major, she must have

have sitten too long with brother Toffel when he was enjoying his bottle ; for no person with cool blood could write in that manner.

This remark of the major was not far from the truth. Had he been acquainted with any other kind of love than his own, which did not require much fighting, he would have discovered the secret to Seibold ; but on the present occasion he made no farther remarks.

The next time that Seibold paid a visit to Emilia she received him with a kind of bashful uneasiness and delicate reserve. He now observed that the case was altered from what it had been formerly, when she used to throw herself into his arms laughing, and to give him a kiss. She blushed when he took her into his arms according to custom, and the palpitation of her heart increased. She in part experienced what Saint-Preux felt on giving the first kiss to his sweet-heart ; and in part persuading herself that she had all those sensations
which

which Rousseau describes, she by degrees actually acquired them.

During the whole hour that Seibold remained in her company, she was so much a prey to her sensations, so sunk in thought, so much engaged with herself, and yet, at the same time, so tender, that she communicated her passion to her friend. Seibold now, for the first time, perceived that his arms encircled a woman. He felt emotions for which he could not account. The ancient familiarity died away amidst Emilia's caresses; its place was soon supplied by a certain shyness, mixed with respect; and the former friendly appellations which he used to apply to Emilia would no longer issue from his lips. Never had his conversation with her been shorter or more insipid; and never had the time passed away more rapidly. Emilia now appeared to him more beautiful than before; every limb seemed to have acquired fresh attractions, and her whole figure and deportment to have become nobler. He said to himself

himself for the first time, She is a handsome girl!

The least spark of hope—the most distant prospect of being able one day to call Emilia his own, would have soon made known to him the cause of his being affected in that manner; but her high birth never suffered his sensations to expand. During half of the way back to Sollingen his thoughts were in a wandering and confused state; and he felt a certain longing or hankering after Emilia; but in a little he again gradually recovered his usual tranquillity.

Emilia, on her part, returned with a heart smarting from a severe wound. She took up Eloise, which was still lying on her mother's table; carried it with her to her own apartment, and read the first volume completely through. This book produced an astonishing effect on her heart, and in a little her love to Seibold was fanned into a complete flame. At the same time she felt that she had greater resolution, and that she

she could do more than Julia to obtain possession of her lover. She determined, therefore, never to be the wife of any other man than Seibold, and with that firmness peculiar to herself, by which she accomplished so great things with her mother.

The situation of Julia had such a striking resemblance to her own, that she could almost apply the whole letter, line by line, to herself and Seibold. The governess was also at hand, if Emilia wished her to supply the place of a Clara; and nothing was wanting to complete the whole romance, which had now entirely occupied the girl's head, except a letter wherein Seibold should disclose his love; but this she always expected in vain. She had before believed that Seibold loved her: but since his last visit she could no longer doubt it; for, if that were not the case, why should he have been so thoughtful and silent? Why did he now and then cast a stolen look at her with so much tenderness?

He

He loves me ! said she to herself—Yes, he loves me ; and the happy hour will soon arrive when I shall receive from him as passionate a letter as Julia received from her lover. Such was the confidence of her expectation, that she trembled in every limb when she broke open the next letter she received from Seibold. She ran it over with an eager eye—and with the most sensible vexation again folded it up ; for it contained nothing but the description of a family festival which had been celebrated at Sollingen on Hennig's birth-day, and some moral reflections on birth-days in general, in which Seibold had given full scope to his good humour. Soon after, she perused the letter once more with great care and attention, in order to discover some expression that might indicate love. She indeed found in it enough of love, but not of that kind which she wished. Seibold styled her ' my daughter.' She had formerly heard that word from him with pleasure ;
but

but at present it was offensive. 'My friend,' said he also, but with such a turn of raillery that the words 'my dearest love' in the same situation would have remained without any meaning.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

... it was all over. My friend
... but with a lot of money
... my dear love in the
20 JY 63

